Dick

By
Andrew Fleming & Sheryl Longin

Feb 24 1998
Draft

FADE UP -

We linger on a landscape of white, undefinable, silent.

Suddenly, a thunderous SLAM of a typewriter key stamps out a smudgy 'J'. The typing continues, spelling out 'June 16, 197...$'.

BETSY'S VOICE
Oh fudge!

The typewriter backspaces. A glob of liquid paper covers the '$' and types a '2'.

ARLENE'S VOICE
Dear Bobby... Here is the number one reason you should pick me for the "Win-A-Date-With-Bobby-Sherman" contest in the June issue of Tiger Beat Magazine...

BETSY'S VOICE
Slow down! I failed typing. 'Member?

PULL BACK

to reveal a shrine to Bobby Sherman, posters covering the floral wallpaper of ARLENE LORENZO, cute and 14, who paces back and forth as she dictates. At the typewriter, BETSY JOBS, also cute and 14, struggles to keep up.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(calling out)
Arlene! Betsy! Dinner's ready.

The TV NEWS blathers on, showing President Nixon campaigning for re-election.

ARLENE'S VOICE
(yelling back)
I am in the middle of a very important essay on cell mitosis for Science class and I cannot be interrupted!!
(resuming dictation, more slowly)
The number one reason to choose me, Arlene Lorenzo, is because we are soulmates, Bobby.

BETSY
(as she types)
You are so brilliant, Arlene!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TV NEWS VOICE
President Nixon's approval ratings virtually guarantee a landslide re-election victory over Democratic nominee George McGovern.

ANGLE THROUGH BINOCULARS - CONT.

FROM A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET

We continue to watch the girls, Betsy typing, Arlene pacing, dictating.

1ST MAN'S VOICE
What are you looking at?

2ND MAN'S VOICE
Nothing.

1ST MAN'S VOICE
You seem pretty interested in nothing.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - CONT. - NIGHT

We see two MEN in suits, silhouetted. The 1st Man grabs the BINOCULARS away from his comrade.

FIRST MAN
Gimme those.
(finding the girls)
Oh, yeah. Jailbait alert.

SECOND MAN
They can't get you for staring, right?

FIRST MAN
Actually I heard they can... Wait, what time is it? Oh shit!

The binoculars swing down to street level.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONT. NIGHT

A PLAIN BLACK SEDAN glides in the GARAGE entrance. We see an illuminated sign that reads:

"THE WATERGATE"

INT. HOLIDAY INN - CONT.

The two Men are scrambling for their WALKIE-TALKIES.

CONTINUED:

SECOND MAN
The gemstone is glistening. The gemstone is glistening.

INT. ARLENE'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's dark except for the hot pink glow of a heart-shaped night light. A door OPENS and Arlene slips in.

ARLENE
(whispering)
She's finally asleep.

The lights FLICK ON and Betsy jumps out of bed, fully dressed. Arlene unties a fuzzy bathrobe to reveal she's also dressed.

ARLENE
(waving the Bobby Sherman letter)
The deadline to enter the contest is midnight.

Betsy points to Arlene's alarm clock which reads 11:49.

ARLENE (cont'd)
Come on! We have to mail this letter so I can win or I swear to God I will die!

The girls quietly sneak out of the bedroom and tiptoe down

THE HALL

past the living room where Arlene's mother, HELEN, is SNORING on the couch in front of the Tonight Show on TV. They gingerly open the front door and slip out.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The place is empty and dark until the FRONT DOOR is jimmied open. We see a sign reading, "DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE."

FIVE BURGLARS in suits slip inside and close the door silently. They carry briefcases and flashlights. They efficiently scatter into various OFFICES. One starts to install a bugging device in a telephone.

INT. OFFICE - CONT.

Two of the BURGLARS are working together, one rifling through a file and pulling out documents, the other PHOTOGRAPHING them with a little SPY CAMERA.

The FIRST BURGLAR yawns.

FIRST BURGLAR
Whose stupid idea was it to break in here and bug this dump anyway?

SECOND BURGLAR
The President's, I think.

FIRST BURGLAR
What for?

SECOND BURGLAR
To make sure he gets re-elected.

FIRST BURGLAR
But isn't that illegal?

SECOND BURGLAR
That's why he's paying us to do it, you asshole.

FIRST BURGLAR
Oh.

INT. WATERGATE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The Girls skip stairs and giggle as they descend.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

They come out the stairwell door, but Arlene stops and pulls a roll of duct tape out of her handbag.

ARLENE
This way we can get back into the stairs without having to go through the lobby and no one will ever see us and tell my Mom.

BETSY
I know I said before that you were brilliant but I was wrong.
(Arlene looks at her)
You're a genius!

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The Girls are crossing the street when they pass a WOMAN walking her DOG.

Arlene does a special high-frequency WHISTLE and the Dog snaps to attention, yanking the Woman towards Arlene.

BETSY
How do you do that?

Arlene shrugs. The Girls walk up to a mailbox. Arlene pulls out her letter and holds it forth.

ARLENE
Dear God, please let me win a date with Bobby because I've never won anything in my life.

BETSY
You won that ice cream eating contest at Trevor Silverman's Bar Mitzvah.

ARLENE
Nuh uh! I was disqualified because I barfed it all up.

BETSY
Oh right.

Arlene kisses the envelope and drops it in the box. They walk away.

BETSY (cont'd)
It was Mint Chip, wasn't it?

ARLENE
Yeah.

EXT. WATERGATE COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Girls slip out from behind a bush and dash to the GARAGE ENTRANCE.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Betsy and Arlene hide between cars, as FAT FREDDIE, a rotund Security Guard, makes his rounds.

ARLENE
(whispering)
Oh no...Fat Freddie!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE (cont'd)
He's always farting. I strongly suggest we wait for the air to clear.

After Freddie turns a corner, the girls tiptoe across to the STAIRWELL door. Arlene pulls open the door.

ANGLE - The tape is still in place.

BETSY
(sniffing)
Ugghh... I see what you mean!

They giggle and SLAM the door shut behind them.

AROUND THE CORNER - Freddie reacts to the noise. He turns and heads back to THE DOOR.

He tries the handle and it opens. Frowning, he leans down to check the latch.

FREDDIE
What the...?!!

ANGLE ON - THE DUCT TAPE

FREDDIE
Shit!!
(into walkie talkie)
Max, call the cops. Looks like we got a break-in.

INT. WATERGATE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Betsy and Arlene are huffing and puffing up the fire stairs. It's dark

ARLENE
In last month's Tiger Beat, Bobby said in an interview that you should only use plain white toilet paper because the dye in colored ones kills fish.

BETSY
We use the kind with little blue flowers! Does that mean I have to throw it all out?

ARLENE
Unh huh. Do you know why I love Bobby? Because he cares about people but also about fish and ecology.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Betsy freezes, holding a finger to her lips. She points up the stairs, toward the sound of A VOICE.

MALE VOICE (O.S)
We have successfully completed Opal and Ruby. Tonight, gentlemen, Operation Gemstone continues.

Arlene and Betsy stare at one another, wide-eyed.

BETSY
(whispering)
Jewel thieves?!

Arlene nods. They both look around in panic for a place to hide, as FOOTSTEPS descend even closer.

MALE VOICE
Halt!

A FLASHLIGHT shines into the girls' eyes, blinding them.

MALE VOICE (cont'd)
Identify yourselves!

BETSY
You first!

The flashlight is lowered and the girls look up to see a balding mustached man, G. GORDON LIDDY, in dark clothing. He stares at them. They stare back.

Slowly, stealthily, he begins moving towards them.

ARLENE
Get away from us!

He stops abruptly and fixes them with a menacing glare.

LIDDY
Youngsters running wild in the middle of the night... This country is going to hell in a handbasket! By the time you kids are grown up, you'll be living in the Soviet Union of America!!

He lunges at them. Betsy and Arlene both SCREAM like banshees, waving their arms in the air as they rush past him up the stairs and out a door.

Liddy drops his flashlight and topples back.

INT. ARLENE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen is still SNORING on the sofa in front of the blaring TV, oblivious to the wails of POLICE SIRENS outside.

A door CLOSES offscreen and a moment later, Betsy and Arlene poke their heads in.

ARLENE
Phew! She's out like a light.

As she walks over to the TV and shuts it off, red and blue lights FLASH past the window. The girls run over and peer

OUT THE WINDOW

where a phalanx of POLICE CARS surround the building.

Betsy and Arlene watch as - A GROUP OF MEN are led out of the Watergate in handcuffs.

ARLENE
Look! It <u>was</u> a jewel heist!

HELEN
Arlene, Betsy! What are you two doing up at this hour?! You're not even in your pajamas!

ARLENE
We haven't done anything.

HELEN
Yeah, right.

The girls smile innocently.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We catch a glimpse of the White House as we

CRANE DOWN

to find TWO DOZEN STUDENTS led by the rotund MRS SPINNLER up the line into the White House Tour entrance.

MRS. SPINNLER
Aren't you children excited about visiting the home of the President and the First Family?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Kids just continue talking amongst themselves.

MRS. SPINNLER
And after our tour we're having lunch at McDonald's.

A huge YAY explodes from the students as we find Betsy and Arlene.

ARLENE
Oh, can I eat at your house tonight? My Mom's working late. Again.

BETSY
You don't even have to ask.

ARLENE
Thanks.

BETSY
Duh.

INT. CORRIDOR INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The mass of STUDENTS has dissipated on the self-guided tour. Betsy and Arlene wander amongst the SOUVENIRS for sale.

INT. LIBRARY - CONT.

The Girls look at a Presidential Portrait of TEDDY ROOSEVELT, wincing sourly.

They suddenly laugh at the painting. They turn to see a WHITE HOUSE STAFFER striding past them with a piece of paper stuck to his shoe.

Arlene points.

ARLENE
Look!

BETSY
He's going to meet the President with TP stuck to his shoe!

They laugh and Arlene takes after him, pulling Betsy.

ARLENE
Hey mister...!

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR - CONT.

They are right on his heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Hey!

He suddenly stops and whirls around. We see who it is: G. Gordon Liddy.

LIDDY
I'm a busy man, little girl...

ARLENE
Wait. I know you.

Liddy stops and remembers them immediately.

BETSY
Me too. But from where?

ARLENE
I don't know.

BETSY
Are you the guy who sells Corn Dogs at the Mall?

LIDDY
As far as you're concerned, I don't have an identity. In fact, I'm not even here.

He turns and strides away, the piece of paper dropping off his shoe.

ARLENE
He's not the Corn Dog Guy. He's way weirder than the Corn Dog Guy.

Betsy leans down and picks up the Paper with her fingertips.

BETSY
And this isn't TP. It's just some boring piece of paper with names and amounts of money on it.
(reading)
"CREEP List."

ARLENE
(glancing at it)
I guess all these people are creeps.

She shoves it in Betsy's purse and they move on.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR - DAY

BOB HALDEMAN and Liddy march from the West Wing entrance. They move to a folding screen behind which is

THE PUBLIC TOUR

Arlene and Betsy are lagging behind their class whispering to each other.

Liddy points the girls out to Haldeman. Then Liddy vanishes.

When the rest of the CLASS, has gone up some stairs, Haldeman approaches the Girls.

HALDEMAN
Would you girls like to see the West Wing of the White House?

ARLENE
Is there a better souvenir shop on that side?

HALDEMAN
You could say that.

INT. WEST WING CORRIDOR - DAY

Haldeman marches along with the girls.

They turn down a corridor and see A MASS of SECRET SERVICE and various WHITE HOUSE STAFF coming toward them. Haldeman stops short and shoves the Girls into

INT. THE ROOSEVELT ROOM - CONT.

Where they sit down around a large table.

HALDEMAN
Let me ask you something. How did you two vote in the last election?

ARLENE
We didn't.

HALDEMAN
Why not?

ARLENE
Uh... because we're fourteen?

CONTINUED:

HALDEMAN
When you think about the President, do you think friendly thoughts?

ARLENE
We don't really think about him that much.

HALDEMAN
But you don't think unfriendly thoughts about him.

ARLENE
Oh no.

HALDEMAN
So you would never do anything to hurt the President, would you?

ARLENE
No. Never.

HALDEMAN
Good.

Just then a SECRETARY opens a door and leans in.

SECRETARY
Mr. Haldeman, it's John Erlichman. He says it's rather urgent.

Haldeman gets up and goes to the phone.

HALDEMAN
(into phone)
Yeah... No, just putting out a little fire... Uh huh...

Haldeman turns away, whispering. The Girls look at each other quizzically. They notice that the door unlatched by the Secretary is creaking open.

THROUGH THE DOOR and diagonally across the HALLWAY is another OPEN DOOR guarded by a SECRET SERVICE AGENT. We can see inside. It's a large, roundish room:

THE OVAL OFFICE.

INSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE we see a man in a tweed hunting jacket, a DOG TRAINER, and a Dog, CHECKERS, lying on the carpet. We also hear the VOICE of the PRESIDENT.

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
...the dog doesn't like me. That's the problem in a nutshell. He just refuses to listen to me.
(to the dog)
Get up. Please? Do it for Dick.

The Dog ignores DICK.

DICK (cont'd)
See! See! Doesn't he realize I'm the President of the United States?

DOG TRAINER
No, you just smell like a sweaty, middle-aged man to him.

Betsy and Arlene watch, rapt, the conversation just out of earshot.

Through the doorways, they see DICK pace back and forth.

DICK
Kennedy and Johnson had dogs that listened to them. That's the problem...

DOG TRAINER
With all due respect, Mr. President, maybe you need to stop blaming everything on other people. Maybe that's the problem...

DICK
Maybe I need to fire you.

Arlene turns to Haldeman and sees he's immersed in his call. Then she smiles mischieviously and emits one of her Special High-Frequency WHISTLES.

ANGLE - Checkers raises his head immediately, cocking his ears.

BETSY
(whispering)
Arlene, don't!

Arlene WHISTLES again.

Checkers jumps up, runs out of the OVAL OFFICE, across the hall and into the ROOSEVELT ROOM, playfully pawing the Girls and licking their faces.

CONTINUED: (3)

ARLENE
Aw, he's so cute!

BETSY
What a nice boy! Good boy!

BACK IN THE OVAL OFFICE

DICK
Checkers! That little piece of shit!

Dick and the Dog Trainer run into

THE ROOSEVELT ROOM

followed by several Secret Service Agents. Checkers BARKS CRAZILY.

DICK
(noticing the Girls)
Oh... Hello.

Haldeman pulls the President aside to a corner where they WHISPER.

The Girls look at Dick, wide-eyed.

ARLENE
(whispering)
That's the President!

BETSY
(to dog trainer)
Are you the President's dog trainer?

DOG TRAINER
I'm the Secretery of Interior.

BETSY
Oh.

ARLENE
My Mom's a secretery too.

He glares at the Girls.

WITH DICK AND HALDEMAN -

We move closer to their whispering until gradually we can hear:

DICK
Did you shred the CREEP list?

CONTINUED:

HALDEMAN
Liddy's taking care of it.
(pointing to Arlene)
...Anyway, that one lives in the Watergate. They were there during the break-in at Democratic Headquarters.

DICK
(overly emphatic)
I don't know anything about any break-in or any illegal activities of any kind.

Dick looks over at the Girls writhing on the floor with the dog, giggling.

DICK
Did they see anything, Bob?

HALDEMAN
We don't know exactly, Sir. That's what I was trying to find out.

DICK
I remember when Julie and Tricia were that age. If it wasn't about makeup or Frankie Avalon, they didn't give a hoot... They grow up so fast. I wish I'd spent more time...
(drifting off into a reverie)

HALDEMAN
We need to make sure they don't talk.

DICK
That's obstruction of justice, Bob.

HALDEMAN
I know, sir.

DICK
Leave it to me.

He goes to the Girls.

DICK
Hello there, little ladies. What are your names?

BETSY
I'm Betsy and this is Arlene.

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
Checkers sure seems to have taken a shine to you.

ARLENE
My mom won't let me have a dog because we live in an apartment.
(throwing her arms around Checkers)
I love you!

DICK
I haven't seen him this happy since before Julie got married and Tricia ran off with that... Democrat. And Pat, she never cared for animals. Nor they for her.

BETSY
It's so sad. Doesn't anyone take him for walks?

At that moment, HENRY KISSINGER, and several other STAFFERS bust in. The girls notice that Kissinger bears a distinct resemblance the Dog Trainer/Secretery of Interior.

KISSINGER
Mr. President, I have an urgent communique from Anderson Air Force base...

DICK
Just a minute, Henry...
(to the Girls)
Perhaps you two would be interested in a position as Official Dog-Walkers?

ARLENE
(thrilled)
Oh, thank you, Mr. President!

HALDEMAN
(muttering, mortified)
Good God.

KISSINGER
Mr. President, we need to make a decision regarding offensive action north of the 44th parallel...

DICK
Should we drop the bombs? That's the bottom line, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Betsy and Arlene can't believe what they're hearing. Kissinger bristles.

ARLENE
I have something to say.

DICK
Go ahead, Darlene.

ARLENE
Arlene.

DICK
Go on.

ARLENE
(dramatically)
War is not healthy for children and other living things.

BETSY
Yeah.

KISSINGER
(supremely annoyed)
Mr. President...

DICK
That's the voice of the youth of America, Henry!

KISSINGER
I understand, Mr. President, but the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is waiting...

DICK
Right.

The Men all rush out, and the Girls look at each other, giddy.

ARLENE
Wow.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

A stream of tour BUSES pull out of the parking area, leaving just one yellow SCHOOL BUS alone in the vast lot.

STUDENT
There they are.

CONTINUED:

Betsy and Arlene are meandering slowly back to the bus, engaged in animated conversation.

The Students stick their heads out the window and start shouting at them angrily.

Betsy and Arlene look up, startled, then start running toward the bus.

INT. BUS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Betsy and Arlene stand at the front being lectured to by Mrs. Spinnler while their schoolmates glare at them.

MRS. SPINNLER
Because of your thoughtlessness, we have missed the field trip lunch at McDonald's which the students on the other buses are now enjoying. We will return to school for a cold lunch in the cafeteria.

As Arlene and Betsy head back to their seats, the other students hiss at them. Betsy stops, her head held high.

BETSY
But we really did meet the President, I swear to God!!

ARLENE
And we're going to be the Official White House Dog Walkers.

MRS SPINNLER
Every lie is another brick in the pathway to Hell. And you girls are halfway there!

The girls walk back to their seats. The other students stare at them with intense hatred, giving them the finger under their notebooks.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The Girls clamor out the entrance with the throng of STUDENTS.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

The Girls swerve in and out of PEDESTRIANS along a quaint cobblestone street.

EXT. C&A CANAL - DAY

The Girls skip over a bridge.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - AFTERNOON

The Girls race up the sidewalk to the front door of Betsy's row house.

INT. BETSY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They fall onto the floor of the front hallway, panting for breath.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - Betsy's parents, KAY (in tennis togs) and FRANK (groovy shirt, walrus mustache) sit on either side of her long-haired older brother LARRY.

BETSY
Guess what happened to us today!

Her family does not answer. They look serious.

BETSY
What's the matter...?

KAY
Your brother got his letter.

LARRY
I'm drafted...! Now you can get my room like you've always wanted.

Betsy looks devastated. She turns and runs upstairs. Arlene follows her.

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

She throws the door open and falls to the ground, burying her face in her hands. Arlene comes and kneels next to her.

ARLENE
Are you alright?

Betsy doesn't answer for a long time. Then she suddenly rolls over.

BETSY
I'm fine. I was just wondering what we'll do with his crappy bed and dresser and nightstand.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
(uncomfortable)
Oh.

BETSY
So you can move in with us and take his room!

ARLENE
(excited)
OH!

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is watching the NEWS ON TV. Betsy and Arlene bounce in and flop down next to the family dog, BENJI.

BETSY
Dad! News is boring!

ARLENE
Betsy, look. They're dropping those bombs.

ANGLE ON TV - BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO OF BOMBS DROPPING ON VIET NAM.

Massive destruction.

NEWS ANNOUCER
Bombing began today north of the 44th parallel. Over one thousand civilians have been killed in the attack...

VIDEO CUTS TO:

HIPPIES, protesting in front of the White House.

HIPPY 1
Nixon said he'd end the war, but he's getting in deeper!

BETSY
We were at the White House today on a field trip and we met the President and some fat German guy...

FRANK
Kissinger.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
Yeah and all these other weird guys and we're supposed to go back and walk the dog and Arlene told them not to drop those bombs.

Frank is hypnotized by the TV SCREEN, the images of Vietnamese Villages EXPLODING, of B-52 BOMBERS expunging their payloads, of WOUNDED SOLDIERS. He finally looks back at Betsy. His eyes are welling up.

FRANK
Too bad they didn't listen to you.

He gets up and leaves the room. The girls look at each other.

INT. BETSY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Betsy and Arlene head down the stairs in their pajamas.

BETSY
Do you think he meant it when he said to come back and walk Checkers?

ARLENE
He's the President, Betsy. He always means what he says.

BETSY
We should bake him cookies.

They go into

THE KITCHEN.

Betsy goes to a framed embroidered SAMPLER hanging on the wall. It's a recipe for "Hello Dollies."

BETSY
Let's make Hello Dollies. It's my Mom's special recipe.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The ingredients -- all from a bag, box or can -- are lined up on the counter as the girls "bake."

ARLENE
(opening a can of sweetened, condensed milk)
All's my mom will say is that my dad died in a car accident before I was born.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY
(crushing graham crackers with a rolling pin)
And you've never seen a single picture or anything?

ARLENE
She says it upset her too much so she threw everything away.

BETSY
Arlene, no offense, but it's obvious you're being lied to. The whole story is just way too convenient.

Larry comes in.

LARRY
Are you making those cookies?

BETSY
Yes, but you can't have any. They're for the President.

LARRY
O...K...
(he makes the loco sign)
Don't forget the walnuts, man.

Larry laughs and goes.

ARLENE
So do you think my father's alive?

Betsy dips her finger into the sweetened condensed milk and licks it off.

BETSY
(nods)
Alive and famous. It makes perfect sense. He was probably married or something and your mom had to keep it a secret to protect his reputation.

ARLENE
(getting excited)
Do you think he knows about me?

Betsy shrugs as they continue assembling the ingredients in the baking dish.

ARLENE (cont'd)
Eughhh! There's little green leaves in the walnuts.

CONTINUED: (2)

BETSY
Larry says they're just from the walnut tree.

They both sniff the nuts and crinkle their noses.

BETSY
Anyway, your father could be watching you right now, his heart breaking because he can't reach out to the only person that matters to him in his whole life...his beautiful darling daughter.

ARLENE
My life is so tragic!

BETSY
Or it could be even worse! What if you fall in love and are about to get married and then you find out that your fiance's dad is your dad too and you guys are brother and sister??!!

Arlene stares at her in horror.

ARLENE
Oh my God!!!!

BETSY
It's called incest, Arlene, and it's against the law.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

The Girls are approaching the gated entrance to the White House. They walk right up to a UNIFORMED SECRET SERVICE manning the guardhouse.

BETSY
Hi. We're here to play with Checkers. The President knows about it.

S.S.
You do not have clearance! Please step back to the curb!

BETSY
The President wants us to play with his dog, Checkers. He's gonna be mad if he finds out you didn't let us in.

CONTINUED:

S.S.
Please step back. If you don't comply, you will be removed.

He makes a signal to two other S.S. with guns who start marching forward. The Girls SCREAM and run away.

INT. BETSY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV is on to a news program, but no one is in the room as the front door flies open and Arlene bursts in, breathless.

Betsy comes running in from the kitchen, a popsicle dangling from her mouth.

ARLENE
My life is over before it's even begun!

She pulls a crumpled issue of Tiger Beat from her backpack and tosses it on the coffee table.

ARLENE
(morose)
Page 27.

Betsy turns the pages to

A FULL COLOR SPREAD

of Bobby Sherman with the winner of the "Win-A-Date-With-Bobby" contest -- a very homely, pudgy GIRL with thick glasses and braces. The headline reads: "I've Found My Soulmate, Bobby Declares."

Betsy looks consolingly at Arlene as ON TV A REPORTER makes an announcement.

REPORTER
...Despite the expanding Watergate investigation, President Richard M. Nixon has been re-elected by one of the largest margins in U.S. history...

BETSY
(oblivious)
Wait. If you're Bobby's soulmate and she's Bobby's soulmate, does that mean the two of you are soulmates?

Arlene stares at the girl's photo in horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE OUT - FADE IN

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Larry, Betsy and Arlene sit facing the TV in the otherwise dark room. 'Kung Fu' plays softly, weird ASIAN MUSIC adding to the morose vibe.

LARRY
Doesn't anybody realize Kung Fu isn't Chinese? He doesn't even look Chinese. He looks like the milk man!

BETSY
Why don't you go to Canada like Dad says?

LARRY
Too much information's coming in. I have to maintain. But the old drugs aren't working. I have to create new drugs.

In a mortar and pestle, Larry is grinding up various tablets, herbs and liquids including Vitamin E, Jack Daniels and aspirin.

LARRY (cont'd)
(to Arlene)
How come your mom dumps you here every weekend?

ARLENE
(as if memorized)
She works at the Pentagon and it never closes because the Cold War is a twenty four hour a day struggle.

LARRY
Did you guys eat those cookies?

BETSY
We gave them to Mom and Dad just to taste and then they ate all of them and then they started giggling and they went upstairs...
(whispering)
I think they're having sex now.

Larry snickers.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

The bus door opens and Betsy and Arlene step out. Groups of solemn STUDENTS huddle together on the lawn. Concerned ADMINISTRATORS hug students. The flag is at HALF-MAST.

ARLENE
What's going on?

PETEY HIGGINS runs up, wide-eyed with excitement.

PETEY
Remember Matt Washington, the quarterback from last year who won the homecoming game then got drafted?

BETSY
Yeah.

PETEY
He came home in a box! Second and third period are cancelled for a memorial assembly. That means no Science and no Math. ALRIGHT!

Petey runs off to tell someone else. Betsy looks shaken.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Hundreds of fidgety KIDS all jammed into the giant hall. A dotty MUSIC TEACHER plays an ORGAN with theatricality. A blow-up photo of Matt posed with a football sits on the stage surrounded by flowers.

ARLENE
I just got an idea.

BETSY
What?

ARLENE
Let's ask the president to stop the war.

BETSY
Okay. But how do we get into the White House?

ARLENE
I've been thinking about that...

Mrs. Spinnler leans towards the girls and SHUSHES them vehemently. The Girls WHISPER.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Unless you want to keep the war going so that Larry will leave and you can get his room...

BETSY
No. Larry's a freak and all, but I'd be sad if he... you know...

Arlene nods.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Betsy and Arlene move along with the CROWD for the tour.

ARLENE
I hope this works.

BETSY
Of course it will. You're the smartest person I know.

ARLENE
You don't know anybody.

INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The Girls approach the PANELS that separate the Public Tour from the West Wing. A hunky SECRET SERVICE AGENT stands behind the velvet ropes.

ARLENE
Okay. You flirt with him and I'll stand off to the side and do my whistle.

BETSY
(a little too excited)
Okay!

Betsy walks up to the Secret Service Agent.

BETSY (cont'd)
Hi! I like your hair. It's really dry look.

He smiles.

Off to the side, Arlene starts WHISTLING her Special High-Frequency Whistle.

The Agent suddenly grabs his ears and SCREAMS.

CONTINUED:

AGENT
Stop it! Aaaagh!!

BETSY
Not until Checkers comes out.

Arlene keeps WHISTLING.

AGENT
My eardrums!

BETSY
We have to talk to the President.

The Agent struggles for his WALKIE-TALKIE.

AGENT
Code Yellow in the Ground Floor Corridor!

Instantly, half a dozen SECRET SERVICE AGENTS appear and surround Arlene. She starts crying. Betsy pushes her way in.

BETSY
Leave her alone! We're supposed to walk the President's dog. And we have to talk to him about something very important!

Two Agents pick up Arlene and Betsy and start to carry them out. The Girls begin shrieking.

ARLENE
Checkers!!

We hear Checkers start to BARK hysterically. The door to the the West Wing flies open and Checkers comes running out, GROWLING at the Secret Service.

BETSY
See! He knows us!

The Agents ignore them and continue down the hall. Just then, Betsy sees Henry Kissinger turning up a stairwell.

BETSY (cont'd)
Hey! Hey, German guy! Remember us!?! We're supposed to walk Checkers!!

Kissinger stops and comes over toward the Girls.

KISSINGER
Just a minute, Gentlemen.

CONTINUED: (2)

The Agents stop.

ARLENE
We have to talk to Dick about the war! It's very important!

INT. ROSEMARY WOODS' OFFICE - DAY

Kissinger leads the Girls in and gestures to a couch.

KISSINGER
Please wait here.

Kissinger exits.

Moments later, ROSEMARY WOODS scurries in. She's rather mannish and bears a distinct resemblance to Henry Kissinger. (Okay, it's the same actor in a dress).

ROSE
That dirty old Kraut is always dragging people through here. Especially pretty girls. What does he think this is? A cocktail lounge?! Do I look like a barmaid? I suppose you'd like a couple of Goddamn Shirley Temples!

Terrified, the girls are ready to bolt when the Oval Office door swings open.

DICK
(noticing the Girls)
Oh, hello Girls.

ROSE
(suddenly sweet as sugar)
The President will see you now.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The Girls sit with the President and Checkers. Dick devours the Girls' cookies from a foil packet.

DICK
I'll be a monkey's uncle if these aren't the best cookies I've ever had.

BETSY
Thanks!

ARLENE
Anyway, there doesn't seem to be any point to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK
Any point to what?

BETSY
The war.

DICK
We've been fighting the Communists, girls. Communism is evil. That's the whole point.

BETSY
Oh.

ARLENE
But... isn't it more important what's going on over here?

DICK
Uh...

ARLENE
I mean, nobody at our school is worried about Communism. But everybody's talking about Matt Washington. He got killed over there. And Betsy's brother just got drafted...

BETSY
He's maintaining.

ARLENE
I just think people will like you more if you stop the war.

DICK
What are you saying? That people don't like me?

ARLENE
(uncomfortable)
Uh... no...

Dick comes over and pats both of them on the head.

DICK
Don't worry your pretty little heads about the war. I think we know what we're doing.

Arlene smiles at Dick, slightly dizzy at his touch.

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLENE
I guess so.

BETSY
Can we play with Checkers now?

DICK
Yes! Yes, of course...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Betsy and Arlene stand on the lawn in front of the South Portico, with Checkers who is mid-poop.

BETSY
Again!?!? They must never let him out.

ARLENE
I know. And look at all this poop!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Arlene and Betsy are returning with Checkers. They reach the end of a corridor and stop, confused. Arlene looks both ways, unsure.

BETSY
I think it was left.

They head left down another corridor. All the doors they pass are closed.

ARLENE
I don't think this is the way.

BETSY
Let's ask someone.

She tries a door, but it's locked. She goes to the next one and turns the knob.

INT. OFFICE

Several MEN in identical dark suits are standing in front of a giant shredding machine feeding in documents from an enormous pile.

A MAN is counting wads of cash and handing them to a ANOTHER MAN, who stacks them in a row of briefcases.

The door OPENS and they all FREEZE in mid-motion as Betsy and Arlene enter with Checkers.

CONTINUED:

MAN
Who the hell are you?!

Arlene is staring at all the money.

ARLENE
(frightened)
We were just taking Checkers for a walk, but we got kind of lost... Which way is the President's office?

Suddenly Haldeman appears in the doorway behind the Girls. He sees them looking at the shredder and the money.

HALDEMAN
Oh shit.

Betsy grabs Arlene's arms and they take off running toward

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONT.

Nixon is dictating to Rosemary Woods.

DICK
How many enemies do we have on the list now, Rose?

ROSE
Nine hundred and...

DICK
Oh! Don't forget Sally Quinn...!

Suddenly the Girls bust in with Checkers who barks hysterically.

DICK
What in the beejeezus is going on?!!

Haldeman rushes in after the Girls.

ARLENE
We were just trying to bring Checkers back! We're sorry!!!

Haldeman is vehemently gesturing behind the Girls' backs.

DICK
Excuse me...

He goes into the hallway with Haldeman, leaving the Girls with Rosemary who smiles at them oddly.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
(awkwardly)
Uh... Checkers pooped.

ROSE
The President's dog does not poop. He does his business.

IN THE HALLWAY -

Haldeman and Nixon are WHISPERING:

DICK
... They saw the shredder and the cash?

Haldeman nods yes. Dick shudders.

HALDEMAN
But they're not exactly rocket scientists. They don't know it's evidence we're shredding and the cash is for pay-offs.

DICK
Neither do I, Bob. Just remember that.

Dick turns back to the Girls in the Oval Office.

Betsy and Arlene wave.

Dick's face contorts into a thin, horrified grimace.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - CONT.

Dick walks the Girls out.

ARLENE
Why were they making all that shredded paper?

DICK
Uh... for papier mache. It's a hobby of mine.

He stops and kneels down to them.

DICK
Listen little ladies, you've given me some very important counsel today about foreign affairs. In addition to being Official Dog-Walkers, I'd like you to be my Secret Youth Advisers.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DICK (cont'd)
That means you can't tell anyone about what happens here in the White House.

Betsy and Arlene shiver with excitement.

BETSY
Okay!

DICK
Do I have your word?

ARLENE
We promise.

DICK
Swear to God, hope to die, stick a needle in your eye?

BETSY AND ARLENE
(nodding vehemently)
Uh huh!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Champagne flows out of the bottle, into glasses, spilling. A glass is carried over to Larry, who downs it straight off.

DICK'S VOICE
(on TV)
...the conclusion of the Paris peace talks...

Larry, Kay and Frank huddle around the black and white portable TV.

LARRY
Are we sure? Are we sure it's over?

KAY
(kissing Larry on the cheek)
It's the President. He's on national TV. He's saying it's over. I think we can believe him.

BETSY
(entering)
What?

LARRY
I'm going to live!!!!

FRANK
They're pulling everybody out of Viet Nam. The war is over.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
(watching TV)
I don't believe it...

She walks up to the TV and looks at Nixon's face.

LARRY
She's bumming because her dreams of being an only child are dashed against the rocks.

Betsy glares at him.

KAY
Larry, stop it.

BETSY
I'm not supposed to tell you this, but Arlene and I are the ones who told the President to stop the war. We did it because we felt sorry for you. You should be thanking me!

Betsy runs out, upstairs.

LARRY
I just want you to know, whatever she's on, I didn't give it to her.

INT. ARLENE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Arlene is preparing dinner while Helen sits at the kitchen table.

ARLENE
Mom, can you keep a really big secret?

HELEN
I work at the Pentagon.

ARLENE
The President asked me to be his Secret Youth Advisor... and Betsy too. We walk Checkers and talk to him about current events. That's why he's ending the Vietnam war, 'cause we told him to.

Helen turns around. She looks like she's about to cry.

HELEN
I was so worried when you had that imaginary friend Dookie when you were little.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Pookie... Mom, this is different.

HELEN
If I'd made enough money, I would have sent you to a child psychologist. And now look what's happened! You're delusional!

ARLENE
Mom...

HELEN (CONT'D)
(starting to cry)
The General's been promising me a promotion for ten years, but I'm still just his secretary! I'm a failure at everything. I've ruined my own life, and now I've made you crazy and I can't even lose ten pounds!!

She lays her head on the table, sobbing. Arlene looks at her.

ARLENE
It'll be alright. We can have cottage cheese for dinner. I was just kidding about meeting the President.

INT. BETSY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The young and slightly hippyish MR SAMOVAR steps forward from the back.

MR.SAMOVAR
Betsy Jobs, you're next.

BETSY
Uhhh...
(whispering to the Kids near her)
Do you guys remember him telling us about this oral report?

All the Kids nod and says yes. Betsy sighs and steps up to the front.

BETSY
Okay... Current events... well, I'm not supposed to tell you about this because of national security, but what the heck...

INT. OTHER CLASSROOM - CONT.

Arlene stands up in front of another class and a very pinched, disapproving and ancient Mrs.Spinnler. Her speech is very confident and rehearsed.

ARLENE
...Betsy Jobs and I are Secret Youth Advisors to... do you promise not to tell? Everyone?

THE WHOLE CLASS
Yeah...

ARLENE
Mrs. Spinnler, do you promise?

Mrs. Spinnler just sneers at her.

ARLENE
Okay, Betsy and I are advisors to President Nixon in addition to being the official White House dog-walkers...

INT. BETSY'S CLASS - CONT.

BETSY
...And we're friends with all the people there like Rose and Kissingburg... And Dick, I mean, the President...

INT. ARLENE'S CLASS - CONT.

ARLENE
...trusts us with sensitive national issues. Recently we advised the President to end the war which he did and we taught Checkers to shake hands...

INT. BETSY'S CLASS - CONT.

BETSY
...And we make these cookies, HELLO DOLLIES, that he loves. And they're really easy to make. You get graham cracker crumbs, sweetened condensed milk...

INT. ARLENE'S CLASS - CONT.

ARLENE
...And bake them in an oven preheated to 350 degrees for 35 minutes.

INT. BETSY'S CLASS - CONT.

BETSY
And that's why Arlene Lorenzo and I have been so busy and we may not have had time to hang out with you regular people because we're helping to run the country...THE END.

INT. ARLENE'S CLASS - CONT.

Arlene smiles proudly. Mrs Spinnler fumes. She starts walking towards Arlene ominously.

MRS. SPINNLER
How dare you come up in front of the class and make up lies about our beloved president?! You're getting an F! F for fail!

Arlene looks like she's going to cry.

INT. BETSY'S CLASS - CONT.

MR. SAMOVAR
...And I really dug the way you used fantasy, and current events and cooking in a kind of tapestry of storytelling. Thank you, Betsy. That was real special.

Betsy beams.

MONTAGE MUSIC UP - Something goofy that covers the following:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

Betsy and Arlene walk right up

GUARD
Do you have those cookies?

The girls hold up a FOIL PACKET.

ALL THE GUARDS
Yay!

CONTINUED:

The Girls pass right through.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Dick waves goodbye to Betsy and Arlene as they head out with Checkers for a walk. The girls both flash him a peace sign in response. Dick looks puzzled.

DICK
What does that mean?

BETSY
Peace!

DICK
Hmmm. That's very good...
(grinning)
I mean, groovy.

He flashes each of them a peace sign -- with both hands -- on either side of his head. They laugh.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

Dick stands at the top of the stairs, about to board his jet. He looks down at the PRESS on the tarmac below, then suddenly raises his hands...

CLICK!! FLASH!!

Dick is captured FREEZE FRAME in his trademark double peace sign pose.

INT. ARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

Arlene is starting to take down the dozens of pictures of Bobby Sherman that adorn her walls.

DISSOLVE -

Arlene is almost done, leaving a huge blank space in her room.

DISSOLVE -

Arlene is putting up new photos: all of NIXON in various poses.

DISSOLVE -

A new SHRINE is completed, this one featuring a life-size poster of DICK grinning insanely.

Arlene stands back and gazes at it: she sighs, <u>smitten</u>.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Betsy and Arlene march down the hall to the Oval Office, carrying a foil-wrapped shoe box.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Nixon is in the middle of a heavy duty meeting with Kissinger, several State Department OFFICIALS, and, accompanied by his ENTOURAGE, LEONID BREZHNEV.

KISSINGER
Vee must freeze zhe production of deadly nuclear veapons...

Brezhnev shakes his head angrily.

BREZHNEV
Nyet! Nyet!

Suddenly Checkers leaps up from under the President's desk and starts BARKING, tail wagging. Dick opens the door and sees Betsy and Arlene with the familiar foil wrapped box.

DICK
Is that what I think it is?

The girls nod.

DICK (CONT'D)
Leonid, you've got to try one of these... Nothing like them in the Soviet Union, I can promise you that.

KISSINGER
Yes, Premier Brezhnev, they are most delicious.

A TRANSLATOR speaks to Brezhnev in Russian. The girls shyly approach Brezhnev with the box. As they take the lid off, members of his entourage stiffen, warily. Brezhnev leans forward and peers inside. He sniffs curiously.

BETSY
They're called Hello Dollies.

Brezhnev reaches in and takes a cookie. As he starts to take a bite, a burly uniformed Soviet guard lunges forward and snatches it from his lips. The guard YELLS out something in Russian.

CONTINUED:

TRANSLATOR
Comrade Brezhnev's food taster asks what is in these Hello Dollies.

BETSY
Nestle semi-sweet chocolate chips; Nestle butterscotch chips; Nabisco graham crackers...

ARLENE
Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk.

The translator stares at them in confusion. He pulls a dictionary out of his pocket and begins frantically flipping through it.

TRANSLATOR
Butterscotch chips...?!

Brezhnev leans forward and sniffs the box again. He sneaks his hand in and before anyone can stop him, pulls out a cookie and stuffs it in his mouth. Frowning, he begins to chew, then bursts into a smile.

BREZHNEV
(singing out of key)
Hello Dolly, vel Hello Dolly!

KISSINGER
It's so nice to have you back where you belong!

Dick winks at Arlene.

DICK
Girls, I think your cookies just saved the world from nuclear annihilation!

CUT TO - A PEN DOODLES ACROSS A PIECE OF NOTEBOOK PAPER.

We pick out hearts, flowers, an American flag, a peace sign, and then the words: '<u>MRS. ARLENE NIXON</u>'.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - CONT.

Arlene absently doodles in her notebook. Betsy sits next to her. Betsy sees what she's doing, reads it.

Betsy's eyes are like saucers.

Arlene notices Betsy, then realizes what she's written. She slams her notebook closed, heart racing, way too embarrassed to even look at Betsy.

INT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

We pick out the girls across the rink, skating amid the throng.

Arlene skates along, picking up speed, but lost in dreamy thoughts, when suddenly: WHAM! She hits a post.

She's knocked off her feet and falls back on her butt, hard. Betsy rushes over.

The MONTAGE MUSIC STOPS.

BETSY
Oh my God! Are you alright?!

ARLENE
(dazed)
Uh huh...

Betsy helps her up then over to the edge where they sit.

BETSY
Quick. Tell me what your name is.

ARLENE
Rhoda Morgenstern.

BETSY
Phew.

A beat.

BETSY
Has something been on your mind lately?

ARLENE
No.

BETSY
Are you sure there isn't some deep feeling that you need to confess to your best and only friend?

ARLENE
(defensive)
I don't know what you're talking about.

BETSY
Just say it.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Say what?

BETSY
Just say it because I already know!

Arlene explodes.

ARLENE
Alright! I LOVE DICK!

This grabs the attention of a group of CUTE SEVENTEENISH BOYS. They smile at the Girls.

Betsy grabs Arlene's arm and pulls her away to:

THE SNACK BAR -

Where the Girls slump down in a booth.

ARLENE
(rapidfire)
I can't believe I haven't told you. But the feelings I have go so deep they scare me. I listened to 'Baby I'm A Want You' by Bread seventeen times today. And every time, it made me cry - - because it made me think of <u>him</u>.

BETSY
God!

ARLENE
I know he's old and ugly. But he cares about people. And I realize he'll never leave Pat because he respects marriage, and that he can't express his love for me because it would distract him from his duties.
(gravely)
So our love must go unspoken.

BETSY
You feel things so deeply, Arlene.

ARLENE
My emotions are nothing compared to the responsibility he has running this country, Betsy. But today something awful occurred to me. Do you remember how you said anyone could be my father?
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE (cont'd)
Well, I was thinking: My mother was an assistant in the Senate when Dick was there. It's possible that...

Betsy gasps.

BETSY
You're in love with the President and he's your father!

ARLENE
Yes.

They sit back and ponder things.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Girls and Betsy's parents sit eating dessert, watching TV News.

TV NEWS
...A jury today convicted G. Gordon Liddy and James McCord of eight counts including burglary in the Watergate Break-In...

KAY
Ugh! Enough already. I'm sick of Watergate. And I'm sick of Woodward and Bernstein.

BETSY
Who are they?

KAY
Snot-nosed Washington Post reporters who are trying to disgrace the President.

FRANK
Anybody want more Jello?

No one responds and he goes into the kitchen.

ARLENE
Betsy, look!

ANGLE - TV SCREEN - The frame is frozen on LIDDY.

BETSY
He's so familiar... It's that weird guy! What was he doing at the White House?

Arlene shrugs.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
Done! We're going upstairs.
(dragging off Arlene)

CUT TO - CLOSE UP:

A THICK SCRAPBOOK WITH "DICK" HAND-LETTERED ON THE COVER

Arlene's hand lovingly caresses the hand-painted title.

ARLENE
It's everything about him and us since we first met...

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Betsy thumbs through the volume:

* A Marks-A-Lot drawing of Dick with red lipstick prints all around his face.

* The crumpled CREEP LIST that was stuck to Liddy's shoe. All around the names and amounts of money are tic-tac-toe and hangman games.

* A page with Nixon's photo and Arlene's Girl Scout photo, both cut heart-shaped.

ARLENE
I did this the day I realized I loved him.

BETSY
Wow.

ARLENE
And I got these old magazines with stuff about him.
(opening one up)
Look how young he looks!

BETSY
He's more distinguished now.

A PHOTO spread of young Nixon and FAMILY. One features an unfamiliar DOG.

ARLENE
Wait...
(reading)
It says that's a picture of Checkers, but... that's not Checkers...

CUT TO -

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

The Girls have various magazines and newspapers spread out everywhere, all with photos of NIXON with various DOGS.

ARLENE
It says they're all Checkers, but they're different dogs! What's going on here!?!

BETSY
Calm down, Arlene. I'm sure there's a logical explanantion.

ARLENE
But what is it?

BETSY
I don't know!

ARLENE
I have to talk to him! Right now!

INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nixon sits on the end of his bed, still wearing his blue suit, eating cold cereal from a bowl, watching 'Love, American Style'. We can hear Pat SNORING from the next bed over, but she's turned away.

The phone RINGS. Dick quickly answers it.

DICK
Yes... Oh, hello there Arlene... No, no. I'm a nightowl... Well, what's on your mind...? Oh, oh, yes... That business. There's a simple explanation. You see I was given a dog named Checkers a long time ago, and the girls were fond of the thing but he got sick and, well, we had to put him to sleep. And the girls being so young, I didn't want to upset them, so I had this fellow from personnel go out and find a similar specimen and we called him Checkers and Julie and Tricia never knew the difference...

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - CONT. - INTERCUT

The Girls share a phone, ears pressed close.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
So you were protecting your daughters from heartbreak?

Arlene covers the phone.

ARLENE
He's so sensitive!

DICK
Yes, but that new Checkers didn't last too long either. So we tried again, and again...

ARLENE
How many Checkers have there been?

DICK
I lost count. Seven or eight, I think.

ARLENE
And you never told your daughters?

DICK
It was for their protection.

ARLENE
Right.

DICK
Anything else?

ARLENE
...Yeah. What's the deal with that Watergate thing? Do you know anything about it?

Dick freezes.

DICK
Oh, no, no, no, no... No. Absolutely not. I don't know a thing. No way, Jose.

ARLENE
Oh, because I live in the Watergate, and we saw that Liddy guy here one night. And then we saw him at the White House. And now he's going to jail!

There's a long pause.

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
Arlene, is there anything I can do for you or your family?

ARLENE
No...

DICK
(trembling)
There must be something you want.

Arlene is getting all love-flushed.

ARLENE
I... I... I can't tell you.

DICK
(really paranoid)
Please, Arlene!

ARLENE
I have to go now. Goodnight...

She hangs up.

ARLENE (cont'd)
(dreamy-eyed)
...my sweet prince.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - A HIGH-BALL GLASS

being filled with Scotch by a very shaky hand.

DICK (O.S.)
Ohhhh God!

INT. ROSEMARY'S OFFICE - DAY

JOHN DEAN sits with Betsy and Arlene.

ARLENE
So you're his lawyer?

DEAN
Yes.

ARLENE
Why does the President need a lawyer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN
(flummoxed)
I'd rather talk about something else now.

BETSY
Okay. Watch.

She makes a signal to Arlene whereupon both Girls simultaneously turn their upper eye-lids inside-out, revealing the pink undersides. They stare at Dean who gasps in horror.

Just then, Dick hurries in with Rose. The Girls quickly snap their lids back to normal. He sees them and reacts nervously.

DICK
Oh! Uh... hello, girls... Dean, what's the matter?

DEAN
(snapping out of it)
Nothing, Mr. President. The Attorney General is waiting upstairs.

DICK
Didn't I fire him?

DEAN
The new one, Sir.

DICK
Oh.

He looks back in fear at the girls before heading out with Dean.

ARLENE
(to Rose)
We're supposed to walk Checkers.

ROSE
He can jolly well hold it. I'm going to get my hair varnished.

Checkers is whimpering.

BETSY
But he's crying!

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSE
That little sissy dog. Sometimes the President keeps me so busy I can't powder my nose for days at a time.

Both girls squint at her nose.

Rose huffs and marches over to the desk. She opens a drawer and pulls out his leash, then slams the drawer closed and locks it.

ROSE (cont'd)
Here!

She rushes out.

Arlene goes over to the desk and picks up the leash. But the end is caught in the drawer. She tugs and tugs and the drawer flies open. Inside is

A BIG TAPE RECORDER.

She pauses, looking around. They are completely alone.

ARLENE
Betsy, come here.

Betsy comes over and Arlene points to the tape recorder.

BETSY
Let's leave a message for Dick!

ARLENE
(hesitant but excited)
Like what?

BETSY
Arlene, I think it's time you told him how you feel.

ARLENE
I can't!

BETSY
Maybe he's in love with you too, but he doesn't think you're interested. If you care for him at all, you'll tell him.

ARLENE
Will you talk first?

Betsy nods and depresses the RECORD BUTTON.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
(a little too loud)
Hi, Mr. President. This is Betsy and Arlene and we wanted to thank you for letting us be your secret Youth Advisors and for letting us walk Checkers and for...
(she looks lost)
Uhh, I don't know what else for... So here's Arlene. She has something very personal to tell you...

She shoves Arlene in front of the machine.

ARLENE
(suddenly)
I love you.
(she lets out a sigh of relief and continues more slowly)
I know you have lots of things on your mind because you're the President, but I can't keep my feelings inside any longer. I've never felt this way about anyone before -- not even Bobby Sherman who I completely adored but now I know that was just puppy love and this is the real thing. I know you are a married man and we can never really be together but I will still love you forever.

Checkers is sniffing the floor suspiciously. He starts to lift his leg. Betsy catches him just in time and gestures to Arlene that she's taking him out. Arlene, continuing with her message, barely notices as Betsy leaves with Checkers.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
There's a song by Olivia Newton John that best expresses the way I feel about you. It goes like this...
(she starts to sing)
"I love you... I honestly love you..."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSEMARY'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Arlene is still talking into the tape recorder as Betsy returns with Checkers.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
...and then there was that time you patted me on the shoulder. I felt all tingly inside and I knew...

Betsy, anxious, points to her digital watch.

BETSY
(whispering)
They'll be back soon! You've been on for eighteen and a half minutes!

Arlene is startled out of her reminiscence.

ARLENE
Okay. I have to go now. Bye!

She depresses the stop button.

BETSY
I can't believe you were talking that whole time! What did you say?

ARLENE
(embarrassed)
Stuff. It's kind of personal.
(pressing a button on the machine)
I just want to make sure it was recording.

She lets the tape rewind for a moment, then presses the play button. A fuzzy recording PLAYS.

MALE VOICE ON TAPE
Hunt's link to Colson is the problem...

ARLENE
Oops! I must have pushed Fast Forward.

MALE VOICE ON TAPE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
We could always arrange for Hunt to disappear to a Latin American country. And we could always undisappear him if we want to.

The girls listen, startled.

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
...Get down, Checkers!! Get off of me, Goddammit!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A dog YELPS on the tape. Betsy and Arlene stare at one another, disturbed.

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
Do what you have to do. I just don't want this whole fucking Watergate business biting me in the ass! You know those Goddamn Jews are out to get me! Shylocks!!

Arlene FAST FORWARDS, then:

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
These fuckers are killing me... We're up against a conspiracy. They're using any means. We are going to use any means!

FAST FORWARD:

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
(cont'd)
Could we please investigate some of these Democratic cocksuckers!

Arlene stops the tape, upset. She looks at Betsy who is stunned.

BETSY
(slowly)
I don't think the President of the United States should be recording conversations like that.

They hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall. They quickly close the desk drawer and move away as

The door OPENS and Dick ENTERS with Rosemary Woods.

DICK
Did Checkers do his business?

Betsy nods, staring at him strangely. Arlene avoids his gaze.

DICK
I hope you brought some of those cookies.

BETSY
(abruptly)
We have to go.

CONTINUED: (3)

Betsy grabs Arlene and pulls her out the door. Dick stares after them suspiciously then turns into the Oval Office.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Arlene runs like crazy down the sidewalk, swerving in and out of PEOPLE heading home from work. Betsy sprints after her.

She's about to leap into the street when a BUS blares its horn. Betsy grabs Arlene by the collar just in time. The Bus blurs by in a whoosh of exhaust.

ARLENE
I don't understand! The voice on that tape... it was so ugly! What happened to the Dick I love?

Betsy looks at her helplessly.

ARLENE (cont'd)
Those things he said about Jewish people. I mean, you're Jewish and you're not a Goddamn Shylock, whatever that is.

Betsy shakes her head.

BETSY
What about poor Checkers?! It sounded like he kicked him!!

ARLENE
And he told us he didn't know anything about Watergate! Have I been wrong about everything? Is my whole life a lie?

BETSY
Love is blind, Arlene. Don't be so hard on yourself.

ARLENE
But what will I do? Where am I to turn?

BETSY
We could go to my house and do our nails.

A long tragic beat.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
No.

She wanders off down the street.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Arlene is in the midst of a fitful sleep, tossing and turning in her bed, her flowered quilt tangled up around her.

ON THE WALLS

Multiple Nixons stare out eerily from pictures plastered around the room.

C.U. PHOTO OF NIXON ON BEACH -

Dressed in a suit and wingtips, he strolls across the sand.

We MOVE IN closer and closer on his

FROZEN GRIN

until it DISSOLVES into

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Arlene is romping on the beach with Checkers and a large multicolored beach ball. A WHITE HORSE appears in the distance, galloping towards her at the edge of the surf. Dick is riding it bareback in his suit and wingtips. He pulls up in front of her.

DICK
(on horseback)
Arlene, I have something important to tell you.

ARLENE
What is it, Dick?

DICK
I am not your father.

ARLENE
Oh.

DICK (CONT'D)
Which leaves us free to love one another completely.

Arlene looks up at him, excited but unsure.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
What about Pat?

DICK
She understands.

He leaps off the horse and takes her in his arms.

C.U. ARLENE

Ecstatically happy.

As they start to TWIRL around, the action slows down to SLO MO and "Precious and Few" by Climax begins to PLAY against a MONTAGE.

HE TAKES HER HAND AND SPINS HER ROUND AND ROUND IN THE SAND.

HE PLAYFULLY KICKS OFF HIS WINGTIPS. ARLENE CATCHES THEM, LAUGHING.

THEY FROLIC IN THE SURF, SPLASHING EACH OTHER WITH SEA FOAM.

ARLENE SITS ALONE. DICK RUNS UP FROM BEHIND AND STICKS A DAISY IN HER FACE. SHE LAUGHS AND TURNS AROUND.

HE BUILDS HER A FAIRY TALE SAND CASTLE, GETS DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND KISSES HER HAND.

All the while he is singing along to the song, but suddenly his WORDS fall OUT OF SYNCH with his MOUTH.

Arlene reaches around behind him and pulls opens

A HATCH ON DICK'S BACK

to reveal

A TAPE RECORDER

identical to the one in Rosemary Woods' desk. She pushes a button.

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
I just don't want this whole fucking Watergate business biting me on the ass!

The tape gets jammed, emitting a staticky BUZZ. Arlene reaches inside Dick's back and adjusts it. She closes the hatch.

FARTHER UP THE BEACH

Nixon's CABINET is having a beach party. Haldeman, Erlichman, Kissinger, and others are doing the twist and tossing a Beach Ball, laughing. They wave at Dick. He starts walking towards them.

ARLENE
Dick! Wait!

But her voice is drowned out by the surf. Dick joins them and starts doing the twist.

Suddenly, a FLASH OF LIGHTNING. Now it is NIGHT.

A lone figure - ROSEMARY WOODS - dressed in the flowing black robes of the Grim Reaper and bearing a scythe, approaches Arlene.

ROSEMARY/DEATH
(with Swedish accent)
Give me your hand.

ARLENE
(crying out)
Diiiiiickkkk!!!!

She bolts up

IN BED

in a cold sweat. She stares at all the pictures of Nixon. They stare back blankly.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Betsy and Arlene sit facing Dick.

DICK
Well, this sounds important.

BETSY
It is.

ARLENE
We don't think you've been completely honest with us.

DICK
If this is about that Watergate nonsense, let me tell you once again I had NOTHING to do with it. It's a plot created by my enemies to disgrace me.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DICK (cont'd)
And those radical muckracking bastards at the Washington Post, Woodward & Jewstein, I mean Bernstein, they are the liars here! Always hiding behind the Goddamn First Amendment! Well, that won't protect them from me!!!

ARLENE
Actually, it was about the dog.

BETSY
You act like you like him but we don't think you do.

DICK
What dog?

ARLENE
But now that you mention it, a lot of people are talking about that Watergate thing now and they all say you lied, and...

BETSY
And I'm Jewish!

Dick suddenly turns icy.

DICK
I know.
(pulls out a couple of thick FILES from a drawer)
I had you checked out. There's probably more than you know about yourselves in there.

BETSY
Even grades?

DICK
Grades, your parents' income tax returns, overdue library books, everything...

Both girls are shaken. Arlene stares at her unopened file.

ARLENE
Is there stuff about my father in there? Who was he?

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
A ladies shoe salesman at Garfinkle's or some such place. Hit by a garbage truck at the age of twenty four.

BETSY
Your mom never said it was a garbage truck.

DICK
Strictly small time. Sounds like he never amounted to much.

Arlene snaps. She stands up and glares at Nixon, on slow burn.

ARLENE
Well at least he wasn't a CROOK!

DICK
What?

ARLENE
We heard the tape!

DICK
What did you hear?!

BETSY
You kicked Checkers! And you're prejudiced! And you have a potty-mouth!

ARLENE
You're a bad man!!

DICK
Get out of here!!

He rushes around the desk at them. They SCREAM and run to the door where John Dean stands.

DICK
Don't you even try to come near me again! Do you understand?! DON'T MESS WITH THE BIG BOYS!!!!

The Girls scramble past Dean who stares at the President, enraged.

CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN
How can you be so mean? They're just little girls.

Dean goes after Betsy and Arlene.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Dean runs to the Girls.

DEAN
Betsy! Arlene! Wait!

They stop for a second.

DEAN
Let me apologize for him. He's been under a lot of stress lately.

BETSY
It's too late for apologies. We're not friends with him anymore. Period.

ARLENE
And if you stay, you're just as bad as he is.

The Girls march off hotly.

What they've just said hits Dean hard. He's re-evaluating his entire life.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Arlene, in tears, is running up the steps. Betsy chases after her.

BETSY
Arlene!

Arlene keeps going, collapsing in despair, amidst crowds of TOURISTS. Betsy catches up with her, breathless.

BETSY
It's going to be okay.

ARLENE
I hate Dick!

Several Tourists, overhearing, turn around and stare disapprovingly.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE (CONT'D)
I was so wrong to love Dick...! What a fool I was. Dick disgusts me now!

Even more Tourists stare, aghast. The girls are oblivious.

BETSY
You know, Arlene, Dick meant a lot to me too. But I think I've learned something. You can't let Dick run your life.

By now, a shocked crowd has gathered around them.

Betsy puts her arm around Arlene.

BETSY
(comforting)
Come on, let's go to Macy's and try on French jeans.

Arlene sniffles and attempts a smile. As they get up, they notice the gaping crowd for the first time.

BETSY
(to crowd, indignant)
Do you mind! We're having a personal conversation.

ARLENE
(tearfully pushing her way through the crowd)
I just found out my Dad got run over by a garbage truck, okay?!!

A confused MURMUR runs through the crowd as the girls pass through.

A BIG FAT TOURIST in Bermuda Shorts follows them at a distance as they head off down a path. He takes a picture with an INSTAMATIC CAMERA.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit by candle light, incense burns in an ashtray and Led Zeppelin blasts from the stereo. Arlene's flowery quilt is yanked off the bed and replaced by a black and crimson velvet spread. Then...

A HAND

reaches into frame and rips down the first one, then another and another picture of Nixon from the wall.

PULL BACK TO

Arlene, wearing brand new ultra-tight flared jeans that zip all the way from front to back, is tearing down Dick's photos and throwing them into a waste paper basket. When they are all gone, she

STRIKES A MATCH

and tosses it into the trash can.

NIXON'S FACE

catches FIRE.

ARLENE

watches as it's devoured by FLAMES.

INT. BETSY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank pulls Larry by the arm in the front door, over to face Kay who sits reading.

KAY
What happened?

FRANK
Larry was not at Jake's house having dinner. Larry was... at a porno movie!

Kay gasps.

Betsy and Arlene peer around two WINGBACK chairs that were facing away from Frank and Larry. They are amused at the news.

BETSY
Hi Daddy.

FRANK
Hello girls... could you please go upstairs?

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Girls are lying on the floor petting the dog, Benji.

ARLENE
I don't understand the title of that porno movie.

Betsy leans over and whispers in her ear. Arlene starts laughing hysterically. Then they both do. They rush to the window.

FROM OUTSIDE - Betsy and Arlene laugh out at the night, the intensity building up to SHRIEKS. Benji barks with them. Then they stop.

SILENCE.

BETSY
What do you want to do now?

ARLENE
I don't know.

BETSY
Prank phonecalls?

ARLENE
Okay! Who?

BETSY (cont'd)
Uh...
(eyes light up)
...oh God. I know.

ARLENE
Who?

BETSY
Those guys.

ARLENE
What guys?

BETSY
The Radical Muckraking Bastards!

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

An RECEPTIONIST sits at a desk. The phone RINGS.

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST
(answering it)
Washington Post.
(listening, frowns)
I can't understand you.

INT. BETSY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Betsy watches, amazed, as Arlene talks on the phone using an English accent that is practically incomprehensible.

ARLENE
(with accent)
I said, I am the daughter of the British ambassador and I have very very important information about Watergate for your newspaper!

INT. NEWSROOM - WASHINGTON POST

Just as everyone remembers it. A phone rings on the desk of BOB WOODWARD. He is typing with just his index fingers on an IBM Selectric. He reaches over and grabs the phone.

AT A DESK ACROSS THE AISLE

CARL BERNSTEIN, who looks very much like Kissinger, Rosemary Woods and the Dog Trainer, jealously watches every move Woodward makes. Bernstein wears the tightest pair of jeans ever seen.

WOODWARD
(into phone)
Woodward.

Silence on the other end. He frowns suspiciously.

WOODWARD
Hello?

INT. BETSY'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

Arlene holds the receiver, freaking out. She thrusts it into Betsy's hand and grabs onto Benji for security.

BETSY
(into phone, attempting to lower her voice)
Hi. Who is this?

CONTINUED:

WOODWARD'S VOICE
(over phone)
I just told you, Bob Woodward.

Now Betsy starts to freak out too, but she continues.

BETSY
Good. I, uh... I know things.

WOODWARD'S VOICE
(over phone)
What kind of things?

BETSY
About Dick... I mean, the President.

INT. NEWS ROOM - CONT'D

Woodward is taking notes. Bernstein keeping an eye on him.

WOODWARD
On the record?

BETSY
Huh?

WOODWARD
Can I use your name?

Betsy covers the mouthpiece.

BETSY
(to Arlene)
They don't get that it's a joke.

ARLENE
That makes it funnier!

WOODWARD
Unless you can go on the record or you have some kind of documentation...

BETSY
Documentation? Like a piece of paper?

Arlene's eyes light up. She grabs the scrapbook and turns to the page with the CREEP LIST.

CONTINUED:

BETSY (cont'd)
Wait a sec, we have a documentation. It's a list of creeps. We got it at the White House.

WOODWARD
A list of creeps?

BETSY
C-R-E-E-P-S.

Dramatic pause.

WOODWARD
That's the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

BETSY
It's to some guy, Haldeman, and it has names and then next to them are amounts of money & dates. McCord, Barker, Gonzalez...

Woodward is hyperventilating as he furiously jots down notes, the phone glued to his ear. Bernstein smells something big and comes running over. He tries to read Woodward's notes over his shoulder, but Woodward hunches over the notepad to block his view.

WOODWARD
You actually have this document in your possession?

BETSY
It's sitting right here. The only problem is that we drew all over it and I dropped part of a grilled cheese sandwich on it so it's kind of rank.

Benji sniffs and licks the piece of paper. Arlene shoves him away.

BACK WITH WOODWARD - Bernstein is practically blowing in his ear. Woodward swats him away, irritated. Bernstein grabs the phone away and covers the mouthpiece.

WOODWARD (cont'd)
Are you insane or are your jeans cutting off the circulation to your brain?

BERNSTEIN
Who are you talking to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOODWARD
A source. With proof that the Committe to Re-Elect the President paid off the Watergate Burglars and Haldeman knew about it.

BERNTEIN
You can't have this conversation on the phone! It's too risky! Arrange a meeting!

Woodward grabs the phone back.

WOODWARD
(into phone)
Can I meet you somewhere?

INT. BETSY'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

The bedroom door is open and Betsy can hear her mother yelling at Larry.

KAY (O.S.)
I guess I've been too permissive, young man! From now on, I'm watching you and Betsy like a hawk!

BETSY
(into phone)
Uhhh, not around here.

WOODWARD'S VOICE
(over phone)
You're being watched. I understand. There's an underground parking lot on A Street and York Avenue.

BETSY
Across from Macy's!

WOODWARD'S VOICE
(over phone)
Yes. We could meet there tomorrow night.

BETSY
(into phone)
Okay.

WOODWARD'S VOICE
How will I know you?

CONTINUED:

BETSY
Huh?

WOODWARD'S VOICE
Who are you?

BETSY
That's for me to know and you to find out.

IN THE HALLWAY

Larry slinks by. Arlene smirks.

LARRY
What are you staring at?!?!

WOODWARD'S VOICE
(over phone)
I hear yelling... Are you in trouble? Just give me a name so next time you call I'll know it's you.

Betsy stares at Larry in the doorway. She gets an idea.

BETSY
(into phone)
Deep Throat!

She and Arlene start to giggle insanely as Larry turns beet red and takes off down the hall. She hangs up and they chase after him.

Benji goes to the piece of paper in the scrapbook and starts licking and pawing at it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LARRY'S ROOM - CONT.

BETSY AND ARLENE
(taunting him)
Deep Throat! Deep Throat! Deep Throat!

He slams the door in their faces. They laugh and run back to

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - CONT.

And plop down on the floor on either side of the SCRAPBOOK. But now the DOCUMENT is gone, ripped out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Hey, where's that piece of paper?

BETSY
It must be around here somewhere.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Benji furiously rips at the DOCUMENT coating it with dog saliva.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dark and empty. No cars. Nothing.

Betsy and Arlene emerge from a shadow, clutching each other, terrified.

BETSY
Alright. He's not here. Let's go.

ARLENE
Okay.

They turn and start scrambling to the exit when the sound of a FOOTSTEP stops them cold. They freeze.

A Silhouette approaches, a man in a suit.

Betsy and Arlene clutch each other, trembling, until the Silhouette walks into some light. It's Woodward. He looks at the Girls, unbelieving.

WOODWARD
You're Deep Throat???

BETSY
Yeah. We both are.

WOODWARD
How old are you?

BETSY
Eighteen.

WOODWARD
Is that your combined ages?

CONTINUED:

BETSY
There's no need to be snotty.

WOODWARD
I just want to know I can trust you. What exactly is your connection to the White House?

ARLENE
We were sort of Secret Youth Advisers.

BETSY
And we walked the dog. And Arlene was in love with Dick.

ARLENE
(dramatically)
But that's all over now.

WOODWARD
(revolted)
Uh, let's not even get into that... So what do you know?

The Girls look at each other.

BETSY
You better get out your notebook. This stuff is hot!

Just then, they all hear a SQUEAKING sound.

WOODWARD
Were you followed?!

The Girls start to run away, when SOMEONE falls over on a bicycle, from behind a pillar. It's Carl Bernstein. He looks sheepish as he scrambles up.

WOODWARD
What are you doing here?!

BERNSTEIN
I wanted to make sure you were all right.

WOODWARD
You did not. You were trying to horn in on MY SOURCE! Just like you always do.

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNSTEIN
How come you get Deep Throat? I'm the one who saw the movie.

WOODWARD
You're supposed to be checking phone records.

BERNSTEIN
It gave me a headache.
(extending his hand to the Girls)
Hi. I'm Carl Bernstein. Nice to meet you.
(ogling Betsy)
Have we met before? You look really familiar to me.

WOODWARD
Stop it, you pig.

Betsy clears her throat loudly.

BETSY
Are you interested in the story or not?

Woodward and Bernstein turn back to the girls, embarrassed. They both fumble for something to write on, but don't have it. Bernstein takes notes on his hand.

ARLENE
Hang on to your hats...

The reporters wait expectantly.

ARLENE (cont'd)
Checkers isn't really Checkers.

WOODWARD
The dog, Checkers?

BETSY
The original Checkers died. And Dick kept replacing them and calling them Checkers. And Julie and Tricia never found out.

Bernstein looks like he's been punched in the stomach.

CONTINUED: (3)

BERNSTEIN
I can't believe this. The lies! How can he do this sort of thing to the American People!?!

WOODWARD
Carl, everybody knows the dog isn't Checkers. His name is King Tim-a-something.
(to the Girls)
What else have you got?

BETSY
At first we thought he was really nice, but then when we heard him say mean things about the Jews...

BERNSTEIN
I knew it!

BETSY
... And use tons of foul language, we realized he was a jerk.

ARLENE
And we could even hear him kicking the poor dog on the tape!

WOODWARD
(perking up)
There's a tape?

ARLENE
Yeah. In Rosemary's desk. He records everything. He's totally paranoid.

Woodward and Bernstein look at one another in amazement.

BERNSTEIN
What else did he say on the tape?

ARLENE
He was trying to hide some guy in South America so he wouldn't talk about Watergate.

WOODWARD
Let me get this straight. You're saying that the President of the United States is involved in the Watergate cover-up?!

The Girls nod.

BERNSTEIN
Who was he talking to on the tape?

WOODWARD
Erlichman?

No answer.

WOODWARD
Haldeman?

BETSY
Is Haldeman the fat one or the one with the bad hair?

ARLENE
That's Hurlichman.

WOODWARD
There is no Hurlichman. There's Haldeman and there's Erlichman.

BETSY
Wait, wait. The guy who's kind of big and fleshy and wears a cheesy dark suit and unflattering horn-rimmed glasses. It sounded like him.

Woodward opens a newspaper he had under his arm and turns to a page.

WOODWARD
You tell me which one.

ANGLE of PHOTO in the paper - Nixon stands in the White House Portico with his CABINET. They are all identical: big and fleshy, with cheesy dark suits and unflattering horn-rimmed glasses.

ARLENE
I never realized how much they look alike.

BETSY
Armies of the undead!

WOODWARD
What about that document you mentioned on the phone?
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

WOODWARD (cont'd)
You said it was written to Haldeman. If we publish that, we can nail him.

BETSY
Well, uh...

ARLENE
We don't exactly have it anymore.

WOODWARD
What?

BETSY
The dog ate it.

The Girls laugh, but Woodward snaps.

WOODWARD
The dog ate it? Oh please! God, tell me what I'm doing with these idiots?!

The Girls don't know what to say.

ARLENE
(suddenly)
The letter Benji ate was all blue on the back. I think it was one of those carbon papers.

BERNSTEIN
(excitedly)
That means there's a copy somewhere!

WOODWARD
Great. You tell that to Ben Bradlee when he kills our story.

Woodward shuffles away dejectedly, Bernstein trailing behind.

BETSY
(calling out)
Hey! We could've gotten grounded for this!
(to Arlene)
The thanks we get...

INT. WASHINGTON POST OFFICES - DAY

Woodward and Bernstein sit pensively facing BEN BRADLEE as he reads an article of theirs. When he's done, he sighs and throws it down in the copy box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADLEE
How many sources do you have on all these names?

WOODWARD
One.

BRADLEE
And Haldeman?

WOODWARD
One.

BRADLEE
You don't have it.

BERNSTEIN
What?!

BRADLEE
I might be willing to risk it on these other guys, but not on Haldeman. You're talking about the man who controls access to the leader of the free world.

Bradlee gets up and takes a few steps.

WOODWARD
There is another source...

BRADLEE
(stopping)
Your, uh... What was it? 'Hand Job?'

BERNSTEIN
Deep Throat.

BRADLEE
Tell me about Deep Throat.

Woodward looks around, and sidles up to Bradlee.

WOODWARD
He links the President to the burglary. And to a coverup...

BRADLEE
Jesus...

Bradlee steps back and absorbs this.

CONTINUED: (2)

BRADLEE
What branch is he?

Woodward and Bernstein look at each other.

WOODWARD
Executive.

BRADLEE
How high?

Bernstein raises a hand to four feet.

BERNSTEIN
Oh, about yay high.

BRADLEE
That's enough, smarty-pants.

Woodward makes a face at Bernstein.

BRADLEE
Get more sources on these names. And if you can get Haldeman... you get the President.

Bradlee walks off. Woodward turns to Bernstein.

WOODWARD
You ass.

INT. NEWSROOM - WASHINGTON POST

Woodward and Bernstein are on the phone with the girls. Woodward sits at his desk; Bernstein paces back and forth manically, carrying an extension phone.

BERNSTEIN
(nervous and excited)
Our Editor, Ben Bradlee said he'd run the story if we can just get confirmation on a few names of people involved in the coverup. They would have been names on that list you had. Do you remember any of those names?

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM -

Arlene and Betsy are pressed together, both trying to listen on the same phone.

Suddenly there's KNOCKING at Arlene's door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
We can't really talk...

Helen sticks her head in. Arlene covers the mouthpiece.

ARLENE
(to her mother)
What?

HELEN
I asked you to come sit down at the dinner table fifteen minutes ago. Now the Beef Stroganoff is room temperature...

ARLENE
Okay, okay. We'll be right there...

Helen goes and SLAMS the door. The Girls go back to the call.

BETSY
Look. We're under a lot of pressure to...

WOODWARD
...Okay, you don't need to name names. We can just ask you initials and that way you're not divulging any information.

ANGLE - A NOTEPAD ON WOODWARD'S DESK, and on it, scrawled haphazardly amid doodles, a list of NAMES.

INT. ARLENE'S ROOM -

Arlene scrunches up her face at Betsy in confusion. Betsy shrugs.

WOODWARD
(over phone)
You don't have to answer. We'll just count to ten and if you don't hang up, then that's a confirmation.

Betsy and Arlene have no idea what they are talking about.

Betsy gasps and covers the phone.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
(to Arlene)
Oh my God.

ARLENE
What?

BETSY
I HAVE to wash my hair tonight.

INTERCUTTING -

BERNSTEIN
Was the document addressed to an H?

The Girls aren't hearing any of this.

ARLENE
(to Betsy)
You can do it after dinner.

BETSY
What kind of shampoo do you have?

BERNSTEIN
Okay. I think you know the "H" I'm talking about. I'll ask you again. Was it addressed to "H"?

Oblivious:

ARLENE
Herbal Essense.

BETSY
(relaxing)
Phew. I almost freaked there. Last time you only had Prell.

ARLENE
My mom bought that.

The Girls finally go back to the phone call.

BERNSTEIN
(over phone)
Okay, what about the names on the list? Was there a "B"..."M"..."P"...?

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLENE
(starting to giggle, covering the phone)
U.

BETSY
B.M... P.U.

They explode with laughter, still covering the mouthpiece.

WOODWARD
(over phone)
...seven...eight...nine...ten.

INT. WASHINGTON POST

Woodward and Bernstein look at each other, bursting with excitement.

WOODWARD
Thank you very much.

They hang up the phone and high five each other.

BERNSTEIN
(shouting and prancing through the newsroom)
We have confirmation!!!!!

He runs up to a dour, middle-aged SECRETARY and plants a deep French kiss on her.

Woodward grabs him by the collar and yanks him off.

INT. ARLENE'S ROOM - CONT.

The Girls are clicking the phone.

BETSY
Hello...? They hung up.

ARLENE
How rude!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The Girls walk out of the main entrance, with swarms of STUDENTS pushing past them.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
You know who's foxy? Robert Plant. The guy from Led Zeppelin.

BETSY
Ew. He looks like my brother.

Arlene is uncomfortable with this thought. The Girls move on.

A parked VAN with a logo for "The PLUMBERS" emblazoned on the side starts its motor. The Van slowly follows the Girls down the street.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The Van follows a mere twenty feet behind the Girls on this otherwise desolate street. Lost in a heated discussion, Betsy and Arlene are oblivious to the vehicle.

ARLENE
And some people think Mick Jagger's lips are gross, but I think they're sexy. They're like a big couch made out of skin.

BETSY
You're so hard rock now.

ARLENE
I know.

Betsy notices the Van.

ARLENE
What's the matter?

BETSY
That Van's been right behind us since we left school. Don't look.

ARLENE
I have to.

She spins her head around and sees it. She gasps. Suddenly the Van SCREECHES out, racing away down the street. The Girls are shocked.

BETSY
We're being followed!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
By who...?

BETSY
I don't know... Do you think it's Dick?! Maybe he knows we've been talking to the radical muckraking bastards!

ARLENE
He couldn't know.

BETSY
He could.

Dramatic pause.

ARLENE
Dick frightens me.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Arlene and Betsy are roaming through the stacks in search of a book.

BETSY
BR375.965... BR376.012... BR376.145. It's gone too!

Just then, a row of books pop out by themselves and CRASH to the floor. Betsy and Arlene jump a mile as Woodward and Bernstein poke their heads through the open stack.

BETSY
You scared us to death! What's the matter with you?

WOODWARD
(furious)
You little liars are the matter!

BERNSTEIN
You screwed us!

BETSY
Eugh!

Arlene and Betsy blush as some older TEENAGE BOYS turn around and leer.

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
(loudly)
Not even if you were the last men on earth!

Bernstein looks stricken as the boys snicker.

WOODWARD
He means you gave us bad information. On the phone. When you confirmed that memo was to Haldeman.

Arlene and Betsy stare at him dumbly.

WOODWARD
We published it and they've denied it and our other source backed out!

BERNSTEIN
Now everyone thinks I'm a schmuck!

WOODWARD
(under his breath)
No. Now everyone knows you're a schmuck
(to girls)
Listen, people are counting on you.

BETSY
You guys are the big shot reporters. Can't you figure anything out for yourselves?

ARLENE
We have a very important school report on turquoise jewelry due in two days and we can't find any books and the President is having us followed! It's too much pressure!

BETSY
Just leave us alone!

The girls start to march off. Woodward shoves his entire upper body through the open stack.

WOODWARD
(calling out)
Nothing's riding on this except the First Amendment of the Constitution, freedom of the press and maybe the future of the entire country!

CONTINUED: (2)

Betsy rolls her eyes. Arlene mimes playing the violin.

ARLENE
We're late for homeroom!

INT. ARLENE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Arlene runs in and throws her books down.

ARLENE
Mom?

HELEN
In here...

INT. ARLENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Helen sits on the couch, her lipstick smudged, looking uncharacteristically happy.

ARLENE
You're home so early.

HELEN
I've taken half the day off.

Arlene snuggles up against her mother.

ARLENE
What'd you do all day?

HELEN
I've met someone.

Helen is bursting with happiness. Before Arlene can say a word, the POWDER ROOM door opens and out steps RODERICK GODFELLOW, a particularly handsome guy. He's got a dazzling smile and his hair is totally dry-look. He steps toward Arlene. We notice a resemblance to Rosemary Woods, Henry Kissinger, The Dog Trainer and Carl Bernstein. Arlene recoils slightly, obviously noticing it as well.

RODERICK
Hello, Arlene.

ARLENE
How do you know my name?

RODERICK
It's embroidered on your blouse.

CONTINUED:

Roderick takes Arlene's hand and kisses it. He stares at her continuously.

RODERICK (cont'd)
Enchante', Arlene.

Helen gets up and takes Roderick's arm.

HELEN
It was so funny how we met. I was in the market at lunch and we literally crashed into each other, and I said...
(Roderick and Helen start laughing)
... your peanut butter's in my chocolate!

RODERICK
And I said, your chocolate's in my peanut butter!

HELEN
Two great tastes in one candy bar!

They are in hysterics over this. But Arlene just stares at them, alarmed.

HELEN (cont'd)
We haven't spent a moment apart since.

RODERICK
Until I went to the bathroom just now. Whew!

They kiss, but while they do, Roderick glances at Arlene. A chill runs up Arlene's spine. She dashes out of the room.

HELEN
Arlene!

EXT. GEORGETOWN - BETSY'S ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

The Jobs Family pull up in their station wagon.

A trashcan has been knocked over and garbage strewn across the front stoop.

FRANK
Dammit!

CONTINUED:

KAY
Honey, did you leave the downstairs window open?

FRANK
No.

Kay points to the BASEMENT WINDOW which is wide open.

INT. ENTRY WAY -

Frank steps in and flicks on the light. It's a disaster area. The house has been ransacked.

FRANK
We've been robbed!

Kay and Larry and Betsy follow him in. Kay sees the mess and bursts into tears. She goes running up the stairs.

KAY
My grandmother's pearls!

LARRY
My stash!

He goes scurrying up the stairs behind her.

INT. BETSY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The whole family is gathered in the kitchen with two POLICE OFFICERS who are taking down a report.

FIRST OFFICER
Are you absolutely sure nothing is missing?

KAY
Yes. I don't understand it at all. My jewelry case wasn't even touched. But they ripped apart the sofa cushions.

FRANK
Maybe they just didn't appreciate my wife's taste in decorating.

The officers laugh. Kay gives Frank a look.

SECOND OFFICER
If I didn't know any better, I'd say someone was looking for something.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I can't imagine what.

KAY
We're just a normal family.

Meanwhile, Betsy notices something

ACROSS THE ROOM.

There's a space on the wall where the Hello Dollies sampler used to hang.

Betsy stares at the empty space and wanders towards it, frightened into silence.

INT. BETSY'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Betsy is on the phone with Arlene.

BETSY
(whispering)
The only thing they took was the Hello Dollies recipe. Not jewelry or the TV or Larry's pot or anything.

ARLENE
It's too much of a coincidence. You get robbed and my mother gets a boyfriend on the same night!

BETSY
What does he look like, anyway?

ARLENE
Like Rosemary Woods and Bernstein and that fat German guy, Kissinghurst.

BETSY
Disgusting!

ARLENE
But he's actually kind of foxy.

BETSY
So what are you trying to say?

ARLENE
I think he's a spy for Dick! No guy like that would ever go out with my mother...

CONTINUED:

Suddenly they hear a series of loud CLICKS on the line. Freaked out, Betsy slams down the phone and grabs a raincoat. She slips it on over her pajamas, and tiptoes out of her room and

DOWN THE DARKENED HALLWAY

past her parents' closed door to the stairs.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Betsy sprints out an alley, down a sidewalk, then stops dead and turns to face her pursuers.

But no one is there.

EXT. ARLENE'S APARTMENT - THE WATERGATE - NIGHT

Betsy skulks along the sidewalk and stops when she hears a WHISTLE from above.

Arlene leans over the railing on the balcony.

ARLENE
Fat Freddie is on his rounds. I'll buzz you up.

Betsy nods and heads off to the empty lobby.

INT. ARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

They slip in and shut the door. Betsy dives for the TV and the STEREO, turning it on FULL BLAST. An insane POP SONG vibrates around us.

ARLENE
What are you doing?!?!

BETSY
We're being bugged.

ARLENE
What?!?!

BETSY
We're probably being bugged!!!!!

ARLENE
I'm bugging you!!!!?????

CONTINUED:

BETSY
NOOOO!!!!!

ARLENE
WHATTT!!!!!

BETSY
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS BUGGING OUR HOUSES AND SPYING ON US!!!!!!!!

But before the girls notice, the POP SONG on the stereo has ended abruptly. What's more, Helen is standing in Arlene's open doorway, unmistakeably having just heard Betsy. She holds a phone receiver, looking confused.

HELEN
What did you just say?!

ARLENE
We were singing. It's a line from a song.

HELEN
Oh. A man from the Washington Post is on the phone.

Arlene screws her face up then takes the receiver.

ARLENE
(very stilted)
No... we're not interested in a subscription... No. We prefer the news on TV... No... NO!

She slams the phone down.

Helen looks at the Girls.

HELEN
Something very strange is going on and I don't want to know what it is.

Helen backs out of the room and closes the door.

We finally notice the NEWS on TV. It's playing footage from the day's PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH.

ARLENE
This is all his fault.

The SPEECH drones on.

CONTINUED: (2)

ARLENE
He's trying to drive me insane...

Arlene weirds out while she's looking at Nixon's face.

AS WE MOVE IN - Arlene's breathing quickens. Her eyes dilate.

Betsy watches her, worried.

Then suddenly:

THE PHONE RINGS!

Arlene and Betsy both SHRIEK.

ARLENE (cont'd)
Hello?

There is no noise on the line.

ANGLE - FROM A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET -

The Girls are being observed from the same angle as in the opening sequence.

Arlene SLAMS the phone down.

ARLENE
We have to get out of here!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ARLENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Girls have coats on. They tiptoe towards the front hallway.

They are approaching a corner. They make the turn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roderick is sprawled on the couch in front of the fire, a brandy snifter in hand.

BEHIND RODERICK'S BACK Betsy and Arlene peer around a doorframe.

ANGLE - Roderick sees the REFLECTION of the girls in his brandy snifter.

CONTINUED:

RODERICK
(without turning)
Girls...

The Girls freeze.

Roderick's head WHIPS around 180 degrees, Exorcist-Style, to face them.

RODERICK
I'd like to talk to you about something...

The Girls SCREAM and run out of the apartment.

EXT. WATERGATE HOTEL - NIGHT

The girls come tearing out of the buiding and dash across the street. They collapse, breathless, against a PHONEBOOTH. The street is dark and deserted.

All of a sudden, the phone in the booth begins to RING.

The girls SCREAM again!

They take off, running wildly around a corner.

From a driveway, a PLAIN BLACK SEDAN screeches out and pulls up alongside them. The DRIVER, in MIRRORED GLASSES, stares at them.

Betsy and Arlene SCREAM yet again and turn into AN ALLEY. The SEDAN swerves after them.

BETSY
Oh my God!

ARLENE
He's going to kill us!

The SEDAN comes barrelling down on them. The GIRLS weave back and forth, but the SEDAN swerves after them.

Betsy grabs Arlene's hand and yanks her into a bunch of TRASH CANS - CRASH!!

The SEDAN screeches to a stop and the driver rolls down his window. He smiles at

BETSY AND ARLENE

CONTINUED:

who are sprawled on a pile of eggshells, chicken bones and banana peels.

DRIVER
Oh, sorry.

Something snaps in Arlene. She springs up, brushing off the garbage.

ARLENE
Don't you have anything better to do?

DRIVER
No.

He peels out.

ARLENE
(clenching her fist after him)
That's it! I've had it! How dare you people treat us like stupid teenage girls!

BETSY
We are stupid teenage girls.

Arlene takes Betsy's hand and starts marching away with drama and purpose. MUSIC WELLS UP.

ARLENE
No, Betsy. We are human beings and we are American citizens and four-score and seven years ago our forefathers... did something... I don't know what. But I do know one thing: Dick's ass is grass!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Betsy and Arlene walk up the street, checking the address numbers painted on the curb.

INSERT - An address is scrawled on a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING with a PHOTO of Haldeman.

ARLENE
There it is! Haldeman's house...

She points across the street to a very traditional red brick house with a white picket fence.

CONTINUED:

BETSY
Keep walking so we don't look so obvious.

They continue a little farther, then duck behind a row of hedges. Arlene pulls out a pair of binoculars and peeks out through the bushes at the house.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

A good-looking teenage boy, CHIP, is visible lying on a lounge chair in the side yard.

ARLENE
There's someone there! It must be Halldeman's son. He's a total fox.

BETSY
No way! Let me see!

She grabs the binoculars and checks for herself.

BETSY
Wow!

She keeps staring through the binoculars. Finally Arlene yanks them away.

ARLENE
We have a mission. To find the carbon copy of the CREEP List. Now, how are we going to get inside that house?

Betsy stares at the boy, dreamy-eyed.

BETSY
I have an idea. There was this article in Cosmo...

ARLENE
(irritated)
Forget Cosmo! This is covert intelligence!

BETSY
Exactly! It was called, "How To Flirt With The Son To Get To The Father."

ARLENE
Eeugh! That is gross!

CONTINUED:

BETSY
I know. I'll do it.

EXT. HALDEMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Betsy walks down the sidewalk past Chip who scopes her out. She deftly catches his eye.

BETSY
Oh hi. Do you remember me...?
(she charges over to him)
Betsy.

CHIP
Betsy, right.

BETSY
From the homecoming dance.

CHIP
Right.

There's a long pause.

BETSY
Do you want to make out?

CHIP
Sure.

INT. FRONT HALL - HALDEMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Chip bounds in, checking for parents, followed by Betsy who carefully turns back to close the door.

ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR FROM THE OUTSIDE - Betsy leaves it open a bit, waving her hand through the crack.

ACROSS THE STREET - Arlene sees this. She maneuvers closer.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Upscale messy teenage boy decor. Betsy comes in and stands in the middle of the room. Chip locks the door.

He comes over and takes her hand, leading her to the bed. They sit on the edge. Betsy is paralyzed with fear.

CHIP
Are you alright?

CONTINUED:

BETSY
I'm... fine. I just need to go to the bathroom. Will you excuse me?

She jumps up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONT.

She closes the door and runs to the mirror and makes a scary face.

BETSY
(mouthing silently)
Oh my God!

She runs over to the window and sticks her head out.

SHE SEES Arlene stealthfully slipping in the front door.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY HALDEMAN HOUSE - DAY - CONT.

Arlene quietly closes the door behind her and tiptoes forward. She looks through various doorways:

INTO LIVING ROOM - No one there.

INTO THE KITCHEN - Empty.

INT. HALDEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

She comes in and closes the door. She looks around, not knowing where to begin.

She sees a PHOTOGRAPH of Nixon with several PEOPLE. She touches the glass over Nixon's face, letting go of a soft love-shudder.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Betsy cautiously opens the bathroom door and comes out. She's surprised to see Chip lying on his back on the floor, his mouth at the receiving end of a long rubber tube strung up on a wire, a large funnel rigged to the top.

Chip vocalizes and starts swallowing the beer in the tube until it's all gone. He jumps up, grabs another bottle of beer, and comes over next to Betsy.

CHIP
Beer bong?

CONTINUED:

BETSY
No, I'm tripping heavily already.

He brings his beer-soaked face up to hers and kisses her tenderly. Betsy smiles at Chip.

He belches. She barely notices. He takes her and sits her on the bed. He leans her back.

CHIP
I really like you.

BETSY
Don't talk to me. Kiss me!

She takes him by the collar and pulls him into a passionate smooch. He goes with it.

EXT. HALDEMAN HOUSE - DAY

A big bad-ass Lincoln pulls up and Haldeman gets out.

INT. HALDEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Arlene is going though files, pulling things out, when the phone starts RINGING.

She hears the front door open.

HALDEMAN
(from front hallway)
Anybody home?!

Arlene is frozen with panic.

ANGLE - Haldeman charges into the office and picks up the phone. But where is Arlene?

HALDEMAN
Hello... Yeah... How'd it go?

The CAMERA MOVES down behind the couch. She crouches there, trembling.

HALDEMAN
Jesus... Dean's a team player. He's not going to cave in. I just don't believe it... Uh-huh... it's really hitting the fan, isn't it?

Arlene is rapt. She pulls out a NOTEPAD and starts writing furiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALDEMAN (cont'd)
You know what the P. said today? ...The P. The President... He said no matter what happened, I'd get a pardon. But I know he's lying as usual...

Arlene can't believe what she's hearing as she scribbles it all down.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Betsy and Chip are smooching on the bed when suddenly Chip YELLS with pain and jumps up out of Betsy's arms.

BETSY
What's the matter?

CHIP
Something's in my ass!

He turns around. There's a 'Nixon Now!' button with its needle jabbed into Chip's rear end. He yanks it out, yelping again.

CHIP
Am I bleeding?

He pulls down his pants and points his posterior in Betsy's direction. She likes the view.

BETSY
You're fine.

CHIP
Figures that the pain in my ass is Nixon, the fascist fuck.

BETSY
You don't like him? He's your Dad's boss.

CHIP
My Dad's an arms manufacturer.

BETSY
Aren't you Haldeman's son?

CHIP
No. That's Brad. I'm his roommate at school. He's at the dermatologist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY
But this is his house, right?

CHIP
Yeah. What the hell's going on here? Did we meet before or not?

BETSY
So you don't remember!

CHIP
I remember it like it was yesterday.

BETSY
That's funny, because we never met.

CHIP
Wha... You're crazy.

BETSY
I just saw you on the street, and I thought you were cute.

CHIP
Really? You're hot!

Betsy smiles at Chip.

INT. HALDEMAN'S OFFICE - CONT.

Still behind the couch, Arlene is writing down everything she hears.

HALDEMAN
...Even just the wiretapping. I could do time on that alone...

Arlene nods in realization.

HALDEMAN
Not to mention obstruction of Justice and about 75 other criminal counts. Oh, what the hell. Liddy says the jails are like Club Med.
(laughing)
Bye.

He hangs up and walks out into:

INT. FRONT HALL -

Where he almost slams into Betsy and Chip, arm in arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIP
Whoa! Sorry Mr. Haldeman.

HALDEMAN
That's alright. Who's this?

CHIP
This is Betsy, Sir.

Betsy is mortified, she tries to look away, but Haldeman cranes over to see her face, staring.

HALDEMAN
I know you.... You're that little...

Betsy SHRIEKS like a banshee, throwing her arms in the air, frightening Chip and Haldeman back, running out of the house. Immediately, another SHRIEKING NOISE fills their ears -- Arlene, flashing by from the office to the exit, similarly hysterical.

CHIP
Psycho chicks!!!!

Haldeman bounds after them.

EXT. HALDEMAN HOUSE - DUSK

The Girls are sprinting away. Haldeman stops on his stoop, shaking his fist.

HALDEMAN
How dare you!

Betsy and Arlene stop and simultaneously kiss their fingers, then slap their asses. They laugh and run away.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Betsy and Arlene are coming out of the stairwell.

ARLENE
...I really don't want to hear about French kissing Chip, okay?

BETSY
Arlene, I had to make out with Chip for the sake of Democracy!

FOOTSTEPS make them jolt. They turn to see: Woodward and Bernstein, stepping out of a shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY
How goes it, paperboys?

WOODWARD
Not too good.

ARLENE
Well, your luck's about to change. Haldeman knew about it. For sure. For absolute sure.

She reaches into her bookbag and hands Bernstein a NOTEPAD. As the reporters start to read, smiles form across their faces.

WOODWARD
A lot of people want to know who our source on this is...

BETSY
(excited)
Really? We're going to be famous!

BERNSTEIN
But we've decided never to reveal your identity.

ARLENE
For our own protection???

BERNSTEIN
No... It's just too embarrassing.

MONTAGE MUSIC UP

CUT TO -

A WASHINGTON POST IS TOSSED ONTO THE FLOOR -

INT. WATERGATE HALLWAY - MORNING

Arlene steps out and grabs the paper, reading.

INT. KITCHEN AT ARLENE'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE - An article is titled: "Haldeman Had Knowledge of Watergate Burglary".

Arlene is reading the paper, rapt, while the RADIO PLAYS.

CONTINUED:

RADIO NEWS
...the Washington Post article credits an anonymous source very close to the White House known only as Deep Throat for the information...

Arlene GIGGLES. Helen leers at her suspiciously.

INT. BETSY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Frank and Kay are watching the evening news. Betsy comes in.

ON THE TV

John Chancellor is reporting.

CHANCELLOR
(on TV)
In a series of events which have rocked the nation, the White House today accepted the resignations of Presidential Council John Dean, Chief Domestic Policy Adviser John Erlichman and Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman.

KAY
(saddened)
I can't believe this whole Watergate business went so high up.

BETSY
You have no idea...

CHANCELLOR
(on TV)
Dean has agreed to cooperate fully with the investigation...

ON TV - Footage of JOHN DEAN besieged by REPORTERS.

DEAN
(on TV)
One day I realized that if I stayed, I'd be just as bad as he was.

BETSY
Hey! That's exactly what we said!
(jumping up)
I have to call Arlene!

Kay & Frank just sit there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A school bus pulls up at a stop and a dozen STUDENTS stream off, including Betsy and Arlene. As the kids head off in various directions.

The PLUMBERS' VAN emerges from an alley.

Arlene and Betsy walk right up to it, smile sweetly and flash peace signs at the shadowy FIGURES inside.

BETSY
(calling out)
Get a life!

ARLENE
And some sun!

The Van suddenly accelerates and tears past them, burning rubber down the street as it disappears.

Arlene and Betsy laugh.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Newspapers are spread out all over the carpet and sheets cover the furniture. Arlene, wearing a bandana, is painting her room. Black.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - LATE AT NIGHT

The room is dark, a desk lamp casting a small circle of light on a stack of tapes. Nixon sits in the shadows, alone with a bottle of Scotch, reviewing portions of the tapes. His only witness, Checkers, lies on the floor, wheezing.

A scratchy recording is playing.

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
How much money do you need?

DEAN'S VOICE ON TAPE
I would say these people are going to cost a million dollars over the next two years.

Dick takes a swig of scotch then puts his head in his hands.

CONTINUED:

NIXON'S VOICE ON TAPE
We could get that... you could get a million dollars. And you could get it in cash. I, I know where it could be gotten...

Blindly, Dick pushes a button on the machine. Suddenly we hear...

ARLENE'S VOICE ON TAPE
(singing)
"I love you... I honestly love you..."

Dick sits up. Checkers raises his head from the floor and his tail begins to WAG.

DICK
(confused)
What the devil...?

He pushes another button.

ARLENE'S VOICE ON TAPE
...it's Arlene and uhhh... I love you.

Dick, alarmed by the tape, pushes another button.

ARLENE'S VOICE ON TAPE
I can't keep my feelings inside any longer...

Panicking, he fast forwards some more.

ARLENE'S VOICE ON TAPE
I know you are a married man...

DICK
(frantic)
Holy Mother of God! A fourteen year old! Watergate be damned...they'll crucify me!!

Dick stops the tape, cutting Arlene's voice off mid-sentence. Checkers starts to WHINE.

DICK (cont'd)
Shut up or I'll feed you to the Chinese.

Dick rewinds the tape, then reaches out

A TREMBLING FINGER

and depresses the

ERASE BUTTON.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Arlene is reading 'Ms.' while a TV drones on behind her with the TV NEWS.

WALTER CRONKITE
...Judge John Sirica made public today the existence of an eighteen and a half minute gap on one of the subpoenaed tapes of conversations in the Oval Office. White House lawyers claimed that the erasure was accidental...

Arlene hears this and wanders over to the TV, incensed.

ARLENE
Accident, my eye. You heartless monster!

NEWSSTAND GUY
You tell him, sweetheart.

MONTAGE MUSIC ENDS -

INT. ARLENE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Arlene is making dinner when she hears the door OPEN. A moment later, Helen enters in tears, clutching a letter.

ARLENE
Mom! What's wrong?!

HELEN
(sobbing)
Roderick is gone!

She collapses into a chair, weeping.

ARLENE
He dumped you by mail?!

HELEN
(shaking her head)
His plane vanished in the Bermuda Triangle!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
Wow!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The Girls come down the main pathway, passing an ICE CREAM TRUCK as they head up the street. A Weird Israeli Ice Cream Vendor approaches them.

ICE CREAM VENDOR
You vant ice cream?

BETSY
Uh, no thanks.

Betsy stops and stares at the vendor.

ICE CREAM VENDOR
I got Drum Shtick for you. Big Shtick for you. Every kind of shtick you vant.

She nudges Arlene. They both stare.

BETSY
Hey! Isn't that...?

ARLENE
Yeah!

BETSY
(marching up to him)
We know who you are. You're that fat German guy and that dog trainer and Rosemary and Bernstein...

ARLENE
...And my mom's boyfriend who vanished in the Bermuda Triangle!

ICE CREAM VENDOR
You're meshuggah! I no know vat you are talking about.

ARLENE
Who do you work for?

BETSY
FBI? CIA?

ICE CREAM VENDOR
Tastee Treats Ice Cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARLENE
What about my mother? You used her.

ICE CREAM VENDOR
I am a married man. I never touch your mother.

He wheels his cart away.

ICE CREAM VENDOR (cont'd)
Big Schtick! Drum Schtick!

ARLENE
It's possible he was helping us all along and we had nothing to worry about. Like we thought he was out to get us but really he was showing us the way... Like a guardian angel...

BETSY
Or it's possible he's just an ice cream vendor and we just imagined all those people were the same guy and Rosemary Woods just looks like a man.

ARLENE
That's probably it.

INT. BETSY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Betsy and Arlene skip in to find Larry peering into the oven.

BETSY
What's that smell?
(looking in oven)
Hello Dollies!!! Where'd you get the recipe? It was stolen.

LARRY
(grabbing a Condensed Milk label)
It's on the label of every can, lamebrain.

BETSY
Oh.

LARRY
Except for one special Larry Jobs variation. I keep it mixed up with the walnuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see a large glass jar of chopped nuts with some green leaves mixed in.

BETSY
You said those were just walnut leaves.

LARRY
I lied.

The girls look at each other, wide-eyed.

ARLENE
Nixon ate those cookies!

LARRY
(obviously not believeing her)
Oh, right. Your pal, Tricky Dick.

BETSY
No, really!

LARRY
Maybe that's why he's so paranoid.

Betsy and Arlene can't help themselves. They start laughing.

INT. MACY'S - AFTERNOON

Arlene is running through the store.

ARLENE
(calling out)
Betsy!!

AT THE WIG COUNTER - Betsy is trying on a Jayne Mansfield platinum blonde number. She turns to see a breathless Arlene.

ARLENE
It's happening.

INT. TELEVISION DEPARTMENT - MACY'S - AFTERNOON

Dick's sober, sweaty face fills dozens of TV screens.

DICK
Good evening. This is the 37th time I have spoken to you from this office...

CONTINUED:

Betsy and Arlene run up, joining a small CROWD watching in silence.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN -

DICK
Throughout the long and difficult period of Watergate, I have felt it was my duty to persevere, to make every possible effort to complete the term of office...

THE GIRLS watch, raptly.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN -

DICK
I would have preferred to carry through to the finish whatever the personal agony it would have involved...

INT. BETSY'S HOUSE - CONT.

Frank, Kay and Larry are frozen in front of the TV, watching. Kay starts to cry.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN -

DICK
I have never been a quitter. To leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent to every instinct in my body. But as President, I must put the interest of America first... Therefore, I shall resign the Presidency effective at noon tomorrow. Vice President Ford will be sworn in at that hour in this office.

INT. TELEVISION DEPARTMENT - MACY'S - CONT.

Betsy, still in the Jayne Mansfield wig, turns to Arlene and extends her hand. They shake.

ARLENE
It's going to be different now.

BETSY
They'll never lie to us again.

CONTINUED:

The girls watch the resignation looking strong and defiant.

MUSIC UP - SOME SLOW BUILDING CLASSIC ROCK ANTHEM

WE DISSOLVE TO -

ANGLE - AN AMERICAN FLAG, flat, full frame.

SCISSORS, held in Betsy's hand, cut across the middle of the flag.

Suddenly the scissors stop.

BETSY
Isn't it against the law to cut up the flag?

ARLENE
Nuh uh, not if you sew it back together.

BETSY
Oh.

She resumes cutting.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

WIDE - A crowd of PRESS watches as Dick crosses the red carpet laid across the grass to the presidential HELICOPTER.

INT. BETSY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The girls pin pieces of pattern to the halves of the flag. They start cutting it up.

ANGLE - The Girls paint their fingernails RED, WHITE & BLUE.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Having helped Pat into the helicopter, Dick steps back out, grimacing. He waves farewell, and then flashes his two handed "peace" sign.

ANGLE - A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER

A PAINT BRUSH moves across it.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - A SEWING MACHINE joins together pieces of the flag.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

THE HELICOPTER

quickly rises up and up.

INT. HALLWAY AT BETSY'S - DAY

Betsy and Arlene step out of the bedroom.

They wear matching HALTER TOPS and HOT PANTS -- made entirely of the AMERICAN FLAG. They carry a paper banner.

They both bend over at the waist, fluff their hair vigorously, then flip it backwards.

They pose for a moment in front of a full length mirror.

BETSY
We look so fantastic!

ARLENE
I know!

They move to a ladder leading to the roof.

EXT. WASHINGTON - DAY

The HELICOPTER soars over the reflecting pool.

It passes over the Capitol.

D.C. recedes in the distance and the greater suburban sprawl unveils itself.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Dick looks out at the landscape, numb. But then he spies something.

EXT. BETSY'S ROOFTOP - DAY

The girls are hoisting up their BANNER. It snaps into frame exclaiming in giant letters:

"YOU SUCK, DICK!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Betsy and Arlene stand on either side, waving and smiling up at the HELICOPTER as it approaches.

ANGLE DOWN ON THE ROOFTOP

As the helicopter buzzes right over their heads, they hoot.

THE CAMERA SPINS around them, as they laugh and yell, bumping and grinding.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Nixon sees the Girls and reads the banner. Then he notices in smaller print letters below:

"LOVE, DEEP THROAT"

He gasps.

Betsy and Arlene blow kisses and wave as:

EXT. SKY ABOVE -

The helicopter whooshes off into the horizon. The GIRLS LAUGHTER trails off.

CUT TO:

A TELETYPE MACHINE IN EXTREME CLOSE UP -

It spits out words rapidfire:

"SEVEN OF THE PRESIDENTS STAFF WERE CONVICTED AND SERVED TIME."

"IN SEPTEMBER 1974 GERALD FORD GAVE NIXON A FULL PARDON.

"BETSY'S BROTHER LARRY INVENTED QUALUUDES MAKING HIM MILLIONS OF DOLLARS."

"WITH AN INVESTMENT FROM LARRY, BETSY AND ARLENE OPENED A POPULAR ROLLER DISCO."

CUT TO:

A DISCO BALL casts psychedelic reflections over

BETSY AND ARLENE

This time they wear matching satin baseball jackets and satin jeans and ROLLER SKATES. They suck on "Tricky Dick" lollypops.

ARLENE AND BETSY
And now it's time to par-tee!!!

A DISCO HIT begins to PLAY.

ROLL CREDITS over the girls bumping hips and boogying.

THE END

Name _____

Grammar: Contractions

Underline two words in each sentence that could be used to form a contraction. Then write the contractions on the lines below.

1. The book I am reading is about a family in the future.
2. It is a science fiction story.
3. In the story, they are living in a new colony on the moon.
4. The dad is an explorer, and he is on a space mission.
5. The mom is a scientist, but she is also in a rock band.
6. It sounds like you are enjoying the book.
7. Someday we are going to live on the moon.
8. Do you think it is really possible?

1. _____ 2. _____

3. _____ 4. _____

5. _____ 6. _____

7. _____ 8. _____

© Macmillan/McGraw-Hill

Name _____

- Remember that an apostrophe takes the place of the letter or letters that are left out of a contraction.
- Possessive pronouns, such as ***their, your,*** and ***its,*** do not have apostrophes.
- Do not confuse possessive pronouns with contractions. Some of them sound the same, but are spelled differently and have different meanings.

Possessive Pronoun	Contraction
their	they're
your	you're
its	it's

Read each sentence. Write the correct pronoun or contraction on the line.

1. (They're, Their) teacher is teaching a lesson about the moon. _____
2. (Their, They're) reading the book Rocket to the Moon. _____
3. (Its, It's) about the first lunar landing. _____
4. Are they almost finished with (they're their) book? _____
5. (Your, You're) reading a book called The Moon. _____
6. What is (your, you're) book about? _____
7. The book is about the moon and (it's, its) phases. _____
8. (Its, It's) full of interesting facts. _____

© Macmillan/McGraw-Hill